# THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

*THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month.* TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, *$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra.* REMITTANCES *should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.* ADVERTISING RATES *furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to*

*THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.*

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

*No. 628.* AUGUST 16, 1912. *Vol. LIII.*

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ANONYMITY AND PSEUDONYMITY . . . . . 87

CASUAL COMMENT . . . . . 89

The puerilities of genius. — Inspirational toxins. — The appraisal of contemporary greatness. — The pensioning of worn-out librarians. — The artistic attitude toward literature. — Library planning from the inside. — A library burglary extraordinary. — The fame of Stationers' Hall in London. — The cleanness of American fiction. — Library rivalry. — The latest publication of the Dofobs.

ONE OF THE MAKERS OF MASSACHUSETTS. *Percy F. Bicknell* . . . . . 93

ON CANADA'S REMOTE FRONTIER. *Lawrence J. Burpee* . . . . . 95

Tollemache's Reminiscences of the Yukon. — Rogers's Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland. — Cabot's In Northern Labrador. — Hutton's Among the Esquimos of Labrador.

THE MERCHANT MARINERS OF SINGAPORE. *O. D. Wannamaker* . . . . . 97

ATHENS IN DECLINE. *Josiah Renick Smith* . . 98

IN THE JUNGLES OF TROPICAL AMERICA. *Charles A. Kofoid* . . . . . 99

RECENT POETRY. *William Morton Payne* . . . 100

Masefield's The Everlasting Mercy. — Galsworthy's Moods, Songs, and Doggerels. — Mackie's Charmides, and Other Poems. — Brett-Smith's Poems of the North. — Mackereth's In the Wake of the Phœnix. — Stephens's The Hill of Vision. — Neihardt's The Stranger at the Gate. — Viereck's The Candle and the Flame. — Schauffler's Scum o' the Earth, and Other Poems. — Bangs's Echoes of Cheer.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS . . . . . 105

The spell of the White Mountains. — Some well-told tales of simple Cornish folk. — Letters and memories of Harriet Hosmer. — Men and manners of later England. — The Cabinet as a branch of Government. — Advances in medical research in the tropics. — The prehistoric age in Thessaly. — Married men, philosophers, and grandfathers. — Folk-festivals as national pastimes.

NOTES . . . . . 108

LIST OF NEW BOOKS . . . . . 109

## *ANONYMITY AND PSEUDONYMITY.*

Certain recent anonymous or pseudonymous books — "One Way Out," for instance, and "The Corner of Harley Street" and "A Living Without a Boss," and a little earlier "The Inner Shrine," and a number of others — illustrate the ease and freedom and un-selfconsciousness which a writer is at liberty to enjoy, if he will, when he gives expression to his thought or invention, his whim or his fancy, without being saddled by that Old Man of the Sea, his own personality in the form of an irrevocably unalterable name, with all that that name has come to stand for in his own mind, in the mind of others, and in the mind of the supreme intelligence that knows him for what he really is. Like little children who play with the keenest zest and the completest abandon when they are "making believe" and impersonating other characters, most imaginative authors like to indulge, now and then if not habitually, in just this sort of innocent make-believe. To objectify or dramatize oneself before putting pen to paper seems to promote a freer flow of words, to bring a richer supply of images, to fertilize the invention and stimulate the fancy.

Charles Lamb's most sympathetic biographer, Mr. E. V. Lucas, suggests that possibly in the pseudonym "Elia" may be found a reason for the difference between the comparative thinness of Lamb's earlier or pre-Elian productions and the richness and color of his famous Essays. There are some writers, he remarks, who, paradoxical though it may seem, can never express themselves so freely as when, adopting a dramatic standpoint, they affect to be some one else. Goldsmith is pointed to as one who "was always happier in his work when he imagined his pen to be held by another." The harmless imposture lends courage, emboldens diffidence, and begets a fine carelessness of criticism. Under a euphonious and dignified name, who could not give better expression to exalted sentiments than under one of trivial and commonplace character? If a lover of his country burns with a desire to deliver himself of an eloquent philippic against the arrogant pretensions of the Prince of Patagonia, into how much finer a frenzy will he work himself as "Demosthenes Philopatris" than as (let us say)

Abner E. Small! Or if the ardent swain wishes to pen a lyric in praise of his sweetheart's blue eyes and descriptive of the passion they inspire in his breast, small headway will he make until he ceases to think of himself as George Griggs and assumes the character of some imaginary Launcelot or Alphonso or Francesco.

A marked example of that reluctance often felt by a writer of imagination and wit to be known as the father of his own literary offspring is furnished by the lamented Edward Rowland Sill, the premature silencing of whose graceful and sprightly pen will ever be a cause for keen regret. Near the end of his too-short life, and after he had proved himself a master in both prose and verse, he wrote to a friend:

"When anything of mine is to be printed I have often a horrid sense — now the fingers of the whole universe will be pointing at this fellow as an example of a wretch that has mistaken his vocation. When it is once printed, I feel instantly relieved, in the knowledge that nobody reads things — after all — or cares whether they are good or not. The fingers I perceive to be all pointing at more conspicuous objects, or being harmlessly sucked in the mouth: so I don't care a bit — till the *next* thing is about to be printed. . . . You would not believe how I have actually shuddered internally each month with fear that *now* I am going to be stuck up on a post without a rag on me at last, and my nightmare was to come true."

Again he writes, with something of the same amusing exaggeration which self-contemplation tends to produce in many another besides himself:

"The trouble about signing one's name to poems is, that stupid people (and we are all pretty stupid sometimes) persist in thinking every word literally autobiographical. I have had enough annoyance from that to sicken any one of ever writing verse again, or anything else but arithmetics and geographies. Even then some one would hate you for your view of the Indian Ocean, or fear the worst about your character because of your treatment of the Least Common Multiple. People are getting to write anonymously now and then. (You didn't write 'The Breadwinners,' did you? Perhaps the Janitor at the University did — or Bacon the printer, or Hy. Ward Beecher.)"

Sill's parenthesized query brings to mind instances of that false or hypocritical anonymity which really seeks greater glory for the author, through a preliminary mystery and its adroit exploitation, than would have come to him had he simply and honestly avowed his authorship at the outset. Of course the anonymous issue of "The Breadwinners" is now known to have been dictated by no such paltry motive; but there is reason to suspect that Samuel Warren allowed the general curiosity aroused by the anonymity of "Ten Thousand a Year" to minister to its author's vanity. Beginning its serial appearance in "Blackwood's Magazine" for October, 1839, it continued its anonymous course up to August, 1841, evoking many conjectures as to its authorship. Warren himself is said to have kept the conjecturers busy by asking everybody he met, "Who do you suppose wrote 'Ten Thousand a Year?'" At last one discerning person, upon being thus importuned, replied in a confidential whisper, "Well, my dear fellow, if you won't let it go any further, I'll confess to you in private that I wrote it." Undoubtedly the "Letters of Junius" owe a large part of their fame to the mystery enveloping their authorship. Whether Sir Philip Francis wrote them, and whether he or whoever did write them foresaw the vogue which their anonymity would help to give them, who shall say? It is certainly one of the best-kept secrets in literary history.

In choosing a pseudonym, as in naming a child, there is need of wisdom. To have been projected without one's consent into this world of sorrow and sin and strife is bad enough. To be handicapped after one's arrival by being tagged with an unprepossessing or ridiculous or otherwise objectionable label is an addition of insult to injury. Therefore, since we cannot choose our ancestors or our baptismal names, there is all the more reason why one should proceed cautiously in selecting the pen-name that is to help make or mar the fortunes of one's literary efforts. It is well known that our foremost humorist deeply regretted in later years that he had not chosen for himself, in addition to the whimsical pseudonym now forever associated with "Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It," a second and less oddly suggestive name for works of serious thought and purpose. Readers persisted in laughing over anything signed "Mark Twain," whether there was anything funny in it or not. There is something truly pathetic in the wail he uttered over the reception accorded to his first essay in a serious vein.

"Well, in due course of time the book ['The Prince and the Pauper'] came out. To me it was a crucial point in my life. My anxiety over its reception at the hands of the literary critics was so great that I could n't sleep or eat. It will not be hard to imagine my chagrin, then, when they came out with yards of slush in which they called this, my first serious work, my masterpiece of humor — said it was just about the funniest thing that had ever come off a press. Mind you, this was not the verdict of one or two or three of these literary know-it-alls — it was unanimous. . . . By the time I had been assaulted and battered in seven or eight lan-

guages by this literary riffraff I gave it up and decided that there was no remedy for their kind of mania. The only satisfaction I ever had out of it is in holding that I was right and they were all wrong. I have never altered that opinion."

The history of pseudonymity is enlivened with many anecdotes illustrating the danger that a pseudonym, or any fictitious name used in story-writing, however odd and however carefully chosen, may prove to be the name of a real living person who will turn up some day and make trouble for his literary namesake. A curious and indeed an almost incredible instance of this nature, having to do with the assumed name of a person and the assumed name of a town, is related by Mr. J. Henry Harper in that recent treasury of literary history and anecdote, "The House of Harper," which also gives in full the Mark Twain incident referred to above. One day there came by mail to Dr. Irenæus Prime, in his capacity as editor of "The Drawer" in "Harper's Magazine," a story containing a personal name and a geographical name, but of so richly humorous a character that, despite its indulgence in a personality that might give offense, supposing it to be a true story, he decided to publish, first however changing both personal and geographical names for the sake of greater safety. To his astonishment and chagrin, after publication there came a letter to the publishers couched in the most abusive and threatening language, and vowing that the house of Harper should be made to pay dearly for its unauthorized printing of the incident in question. It was afterward ascertained that the contributor of the anecdote had himself substituted fictitious for real names, and Dr. Prime, with too great precaution, had inadvertently, and by something little short of a miracle, changed the fictitious names back to the real ones.

But this is a digression. The charm of the unknown will continue, as long as anonymous and pseudonymous literature is written, to appeal more or less potently to the reader; while the sense of having created a mystery, of having erected a more or less impenetrable screen between himself and his public, will tickle the author's fancy. Of course in many departments of authorship the writer's real name ought to appear and in most instances will appear. But to the airy creation of a poet's or a romancer's or a humorist's fancy it will often seem more appropriate to assign a fictitious authorship, or to leave the authorship entirely a matter of conjecture.

## *CASUAL COMMENT.*

THE PUERILITIES OF GENIUS reach their limit in the silly devices by which, as the Baconians would have us believe, the real authorship of the Shakespeare plays is half concealed and half revealed in the wording of certain passages, in the arrangement of the lines as printed in the First Folio, and even in the minutest details of typography — sometimes so minute as to require a microscope for detection. That untiring advocate of the Baconian cause, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, ingenious author of "Bacon is Shakespeare," has followed up his larger work (which did not quite convert the world to his faith) with an entertaining pamphlet, "The Shakespeare Myth," wherein if any remaining doubters fail to find that which shall forever remove their lingering hesitations, they are certainly beyond praying for and deserve no further attention at the hands of Sir Edwin. In speaking of the First Folio, the writer says, among other memorable things: "I must also inform my readers that every page is divided into two columns, and it is absolutely certain that the author himself so arranged these that he knew in what column and in what line in such column every word would appear in the printed page." Thus it was by Bacon's express design that in the opening scene of "The Tempest" there was a certain arrangement of lines that gave, by putting together three initial letters and reading them upward and also using the first word of one of these lines, "hang'd hog," which, as mistress Quickly has reminded us in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is Latin for bacon. Elsewhere in the Folio, Sir Edwin discovers "hang sow," which he gravely assures us "is just as much Bacon as Hang hog." And again, in "Antony and Cleopatra" three words (Pompey, in, and got) are found in such a position as obviously to stand for pig, "which is what we were looking for," triumphantly declares Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence. Coming to graver issues, he informs us that "all writers are agreed that our language of to-day is founded upon the English translation of the Bible and upon the Plays of Shakespeare. Every word of each of these was undoubtedly written by, or under the direction of, Francis Bacon." So industrious, inventive, and entertaining a writer as Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence deserves our gratitude for the amusement he furnishes, and our admiration for his zeal and perseverance in the face of a doubting and even derisive public; but if the author of "Hamlet" and "Othello" was really capable of all the puerilities he so laboriously brings to our attention, we prefer, for our own enjoyment of the plays and poems, to remain erroneously persuaded of their Shakespearean origin.

* * *

INSPIRATIONAL TOXINS, such as alcohol, opium, hashish, and tobacco, have long been known to and more or less used by literary and other creative artists; but probably few if any of these men of

genius have been inclined to regard as aids to inspiration those natural toxins of the body that are generated by tuberculosis, asthma, gout, and other diseases. Nevertheless, when one recalls the brilliance and the creative energy that have characterized many a consumptive writer—Stevenson and John Addington Symonds, for instance—the asthma that accompanied Macaulay's prodigious accomplishment as reader and writer, and that was powerless to impair the masterly statesmanship of William the Third, and the gout that seemed but to steady and strengthen the purpose of Gibbon in his formidable undertaking, and when one looks back upon innumerable other instances of signal achievement, in letters and in other walks of life, in the face of pronounced physical disability, one may well feel tempted to believe with Dr. Charles B. Reed, whose thoughtful and interesting article on "Toxemia as a Stimulus in Literature" has been much discussed, that toxins, both natural and artificial, do play an important part in the work of the world, especially in the work done by men and women of genius. One might even go so far as to query whether anything of brilliance and genuine originality and power is to be found in the absence of some inspirational toxin. On the other hand, however, there are instances in plenty of genius unaccompanied by any apparent poisoning or intoxicating affection—Scott and Goethe, for example. But no one knows exactly what help they received from artificial toxins, or what natural toxins may have been generated in their systems. Perhaps we shall know more about these things some day, and it may be that inspirational toxins, of specific kinds, will be injected in infancy to produce poets, novelists, musicians, sculptors, and so on, much as among the honey bees the queen is produced by certain methods of treatment applied in the earliest stages of the insect's formation.

* * *

THE APPRAISAL OF CONTEMPORARY GREATNESS, whether in literature or in other departments of worthy achievement, is a difficult and more or less invidious task. Nevertheless the Modern Historic Records Association, in undertaking to collect autographic utterances on parchment "from men and women of genius throughout the world," has asked its secretary, Mr. W. T. Larned, to prepare "a list of names that shall include all living men and women whose reputations are likely to endure," as Mr. Larned expresses it in a letter to the New York "Sun" in which he asks for help in his difficult task. A tentative list of about two hundred names is submitted by him, naturally "with considerable diffidence," and of course it is impossible to glance over the list without noting many surprising omissions and almost as many astonishing inclusions. It could not be otherwise. For example, though the head of the Salvation Army is on the list, the name of Abdul Baha, the Persian religious reformer whose followers already are counted by the millions, in response to whose teachings a third of the population of Persia has renounced Mohammedanism for Bahaism, and whose disciples are found all over the world, including this country, which he has recently visited, does not appear; and while Colonel Henry Watterson is included, Mr. Whitelaw Reid is excluded; and it seems strange to find the name of Mr. George Bernard Shaw unaccompanied by that other with which we are wont to see it linked. In general the perspective is emphatically that of the Occidental rather than of the Oriental. Japan, China, India, and all the rest of the Far East, are ignored; while contrariwise America looms large and Europe (or at least western Europe) suffers no very serious eclipse. It is a pleasant enough diversion that the M. H. R. Association is engaged in, and one wishes it every success; but it ought not, perhaps, to be viewed with quite the seriousness that Mr. Larned's letter assumes. However, we are glad to quote in conclusion this passage from his letter: "The attempts to obtain these inscriptions, which are meant to embody a brief but permanent expression of each man and woman's preëminent gift or attainment, is meeting with some interesting responses. The opinion expressed by Ambassador Bryce that the collection we are making 'will be of the greatest interest in years to come' seems to be shared more especially by eminent men in Europe. For example, Sir William Ramsay has sent us a striking epitome of his career as a scientist; Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace a resounding paragraph from one of his most eloquent essays; Mr. Maeterlinck a passage from his 'La Vie des Abeilles'; Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and Mr. George Bernard Shaw some characteristic thoughts on dramatic workmanship." Any helpful suggestion, or other communication, on parchment or more perishable paper, that the reader of this may feel moved to send to Mr. Larned, will reach him, we doubt not, if addressed to the Modern Historic Records Association, 14 Gramercy Park, New York City.

* * *

THE PENSIONING OF WORN-OUT LIBRARIANS has certainly as much to be said in its favor as the pensioning of retired college professors and other teachers. It is indeed cause for surprise that our millionaire benefactor of public libraries should have established a professors' pension fund but taken no step to make comfortable the declining years of those who serve the needs of the great book-reading and book-borrowing public, and preside over, or otherwise give their best years to, the institutions of that class to which he himself has so generously contributed. As a matter of fact, the library worker is even less liberally paid for his toil than the teacher, his term of daily service is longer, and his vacations are very much shorter. The trustees of the Boston Public Library urge the necessity of some adequate pension system for its employees. They well say, in their latest Report: "A large part of library service is specialized work. It is very desirable that persons who enter the library profession should remain in it, and after they have been in this profession long enough to be of the best service to it they are prac-

tically unfitted for any other work. The margin between the salaries which can be paid them within the library appropriation and their necessary expenses for reasonable and decent living is very small. . . . The necessary result of this condition is that persons are retained in the library service after they cease to be able to do the best work, because they cannot be retired from it without becoming objects of charity or requiring the assistance of others for their support. The public service suffers from this because the worn-out employee cannot do as good work as ought to be done. The expense of the public service is also increased because it is necessary to have more employees if a portion of them are unable to do the best work. Merited promotion is also often delayed, and the tendency is to weaken the library service where it should be strengthened. A worn-out tool is the most expensive tool for use, whether it be a combination of merely material things like wood and metal, or a living human being." And so on. Legislation to meet the exigencies of the case is asked for; but legislative machinery is slow, and legislative grants for worthy causes are notably small and tardy. Here is a chance for some philanthropic multi-millionaire to immortalize his name by establishing a great national Librarians' Retirement Pension Fund. . . .

THE ARTISTIC ATTITUDE TOWARD LITERATURE, as distinguished from the scientific or coldly critical attitude, is very much what the artistic or sympathetic attitude toward life and mankind is as distinguished from the rigidly dogmatic or moralistic attitude. This is rather clumsily and inadequately expressed, but perhaps a few illustrations and analogies may make the meaning clearer. We have all had experience of the irritating self-righteousness of those who pride themselves on making their conduct square with a hard-and-fast rule, without regard to the claims or the feelings of those about them. Their morality is static, not dynamic. They are moral pedants and mental sluggards. They have classified and labelled all the objects of their little world once and forever, with scientific precision. In one's bearing toward literature, and toward art in general, it is not uncommon to fall into the scientific rather than the artistic way of looking at things. One too easily forgets that reality is always dying and being recreated. Even the very words with which truth is expressed, or faintly adumbrated, are continually suffering decay and undergoing revivification. The literary artist, the merest framer of verbal paradoxes, helps to keep the pulse of life in our language and to save us from the indolent use of phrases—chunks of sound, as Stevenson has called them—to avoid the trouble of original and sympathetic thought. The poet is the consummate literary artist; his mind is cleared of cant, and he faces every new situation with fresh receptivity. Pater and others have warned us that what is done from habit is likely to be done mechanically and meaninglessly; and habits of speech, still more habits of thinking, are spiritual death. This and other points that might well be touched upon here are more fully treated by Mr. E. F. Carritt in the current "Hibbert Journal," in an article entitled "The Artistic Attitude in Conduct," which closes with Dr. Johnson's acute remarks, preserved by Fanny Burney, on the subject of literary criticism: "There are three distinct kinds of judges: the first are those who know no rules but pronounce entirely from their natural taste and feelings; the second are those who know and judge by rules; and the third are those who know but are above the rules. These last are those you should wish to satisfy. Next to them rate the natural judges; but ever despise those opinions that are formed by the rules." . . .

LIBRARY PLANNING FROM THE INSIDE, or from the experienced librarian's standpoint, rather than from the outside—that is, from the ambitious and splendor-loving architect's point of view—is one of the many topics intelligently and fully treated by Mr. Soule in his manual on library-building, already noticed (too briefly) by us. "The exterior should not even be considered," he maintains, "until the interior has been entirely mapped out." This advice will be found easier to follow than the old rule for the manufacture of cannon—first make your hole, then cast the metal around it; and the uniting of utility with ornament need not necessarily be at the expense of the latter. Indeed, some of the least pleasing library buildings, to those who fail to find any satisfying æsthetic effect where there is unfitness of structure, are the very ones that have been designed from the outside with a view to external effect. Therefore let the architect take counsel at every step with the trained librarian. But it is quite true, nevertheless, as Mrs. Elmendorff took occasion to point out at one of the annual library conferences, that "a very good librarian may yet have no great fitness for the task of planning a building," and hence some other than the local librarian may best be called upon to advise with the architect. Mr. Soule utters a warning "not to take your local librarian at his own valuation. He is most likely to assume the function of an expert in building when he is least fitted. The really experienced librarian is apt to be modest and to ask assistance, in the belief that 'two heads are better than one.'" But let not the "local librarian" whose eye may chance to rest on this paragraph take umbrage. There are local librarians and local librarians. In fact, when you come to think of it, how many librarians are there of any other sort?

. . .

A LIBRARY BURGLARY EXTRAORDINARY was reported, under conspicuous scare-lines ("45,000 Volumes Missing from Library"), in a Los Angeles newspaper recently. In substance, the whole astonishing affair, as printed—whether as a deliberate hoax, or a misprint, or a piece of careless reporting, or a fact having some basis of truth—reduces itself to this, in the language of the journal itself: "There were 190,000 books in the library three years ago, according to an inventory taken then. There were

but 145,000 when the count was completed yesterday." And yet this disappearance of forty-five thousand volumes is not attributed to deliberate theft, but rather to mere "carelessness of public property, . . . in the opinion of Mr. Perry," the librarian; and the good citizens are requested to look through their bookshelves and see whether any forgotten library books are lurking there. No mention is made of the three years' accessions of new books, as if one were to understand that the collection had been undergoing steady and rapid depletion with no replenishing whatever — which is much too marvellous, especially for the swiftly growing city of Los Angeles, to gain credence. To the modern vigilant librarian, an annual loss of even a score of volumes is a scandal and a disgrace; but fifteen thousand a year for three successive years!

"*Obstupui, steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit.*"

* * *

The fame of Stationers' Hall in London, where for more than three hundred years registry has been made of books claiming copyright protection, will long survive the cessation of that custom which marks the going into effect, this summer, of the new English copyright law. "Entered at Stationers' Hall" is a familiar legend that we shall fail to find in the printed works of the future, publication under the terms of the statute sufficing henceforth for the publisher's protection against piracy. The invaluable register of English books, from Elizabethan times to our own, will, it is reasonable to hope, be transferred now to the manuscript room of the British Museum, where it would be an object of interest to all students of English literature and could be more conveniently consulted than at present. The Stationers' Company itself, which has a curiously interesting history, and for a long time enjoyed a monopoly in the publication of almanacs in addition to its other rights and dignities, may now find itself left with nothing to justify its existence unless it enters the regular publishing field, which might not be unfitting in view of its position in the neighborhood of Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and Ave Maria Lane,— names that carry with them ancient associations of a more or less bookish and book-publishing nature.

* * *

The cleanness of American fiction as compared with English is asserted by a high Canadian authority, Dr. George H. Locke, librarian of the Toronto Public Library. In an address at the late annual meeting of the Ontario Library Association, Dr. Locke said: "There is one thing I have to say, and I am sorry to say it, and that is that you can trust American fiction to be clean rather than English fiction. There is no necessity to demonstrate except to step into my office and see the list of English fiction that is nasty, unnecessarily nasty. It is hard to have to say that. Certain publishers you can rely on implicitly. In regard to your fiction, when you find a book is a good book buy another copy of it. Restrict your range, but be careful that the books you have are good books, books that are worth while." Some practical advice to librarians on the purchase of new books is worth quoting also: "Don't order fiction until the work has been out long enough to have adequate reviews of it. It is not wise to trust the ordinary reviews, or excerpts [of those reviews] published by the ordinary publishers. You can take part of a recommendation and make a man out of anything from an angel down." Dr. Locke's remarks in full are to be found in "The Proceedings of the Ontario Library Association, Twelfth Annual Meeting," issued by the Association in an illustrated pamphlet of 128 pages.

* * *

Library rivalry is a good thing, so long as jealousies and recriminations are not indulged in by the rivals. Facts and figures to prove, ostensibly at least, the superior efficiency of the North Jonesville Public Library cannot be blamed for finding their way into the annual report of that beneficent institution. From a descriptive pamphlet just issued by the Jersey City Public Library it is our pleasure and privilege to quote certain statistical facts of a nature highly gratifying to the inhabitants of that city. "Cost per volume circulated is less in Jersey City than in *any* larger city. Efficiency in proportion to population:—For each $1.00 expended in Jersey City the average expenditure in 18 cities is $1.49. For each 100 volumes circulated in Jersey City the average circulation in 18 cities is 81 volumes. In proportion to circulation:—For each $1.00 expended in Jersey City the average expenditure in 18 cities is $1.82." Then follows a list of the eighteen less thrifty cities. They are the eighteen largest in the country, Jersey City being the nineteenth, according to the latest census. In these days, when all the world, or some considerable portion of it, is having its willing attention directed to the Governor of New Jersey, this passing mention of the prosperity and usefulness of one of that State's leading libraries may be not out of place.

* * *

The latest publication of the Dofobs (a well-known Chicago society of bibliophiles disrespectfully characterized in words of which D. O. F. O. B. are the initial letters) is in an edition so strictly limited (fifty-two copies) that the present notice is not written with the book in hand, but on the authority of a fortunate possessor of the choice little volume. It is a book for Byron-lovers, containing facsimile reproductions of seven poems, among them the four so-called Thyrza poems and two addressed to the poet's half-sister Augusta. Fourteen letters of Byron's are also given — all new to readers, it appears, except a short passage in one of them. The book also contains a list of the books Byron is thought to have taken with him when he made his last journey to Greece, and reproductions of five portraits of the poet, two being from drawings by George Henry Harlow. Preface and notes are supplied by Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, librarian of the Newberry Library.

## The New Books.

### One of the Makers of Massachusetts.*

In the list of Massachusetts colonial governors, many of whom were able and forceful men and interesting characters, there is none that appeals more strongly to the imagination or excites a greater admiration than the lawyer-soldier who came over from England in 1731 to throw in his lot with the young colony, who three years later became the "King's only Advocate-General in America," was appointed Governor in 1741, wrested the fortress of Louisburg from the French in 1745, reëstablished the finances of his colony by redeeming its paper money in English coin in 1749, thus giving Massachusetts an enviable reputation as "the hard-money colony," exerted himself strenuously in the face of insurmountable obstacles for the entire expulsion of the French from Canada, only relinquished the post he had so creditably held when the home government recalled him in 1756, and finally returned to die in the land of his adoption fifteen years later.

This eminently successful man of action — who, by the way, was helped in his rise to distinction by a clever and appreciative wife — has not unnaturally made romantic appeal to the Colonial Dames of America, and under their auspices his correspondence, to the extent at least of two substantial volumes, has been prepared for publication by Dr. Charles Henry Lincoln, whose previous studies in our Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary history give assurance of fitness for the task. The hitherto unpublished Shirley correspondence, in the keeping of the Public Record Office and the British Museum in London, of the Massachusetts Historical Society and the State Archives in Boston, of the Library of Congress in Washington, of the Historical Societies of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and of other less important depositories, is of generous bulk, and generous has been the editor's selection therefrom, his two volumes containing more than eleven hundred pages of reading matter. Contemporary maps, a portrait of Shirley, and other illustrative plates, together with a useful introduction, frequent footnotes, and a fourteen-page index, are added.

What is most striking in a general survey of Shirley's life is the generous breadth, the all-roundness, so to speak, the open-mindedness and many-sidedness, of the man. Above all, he seems to have preserved his name untarnished amid all the inevitable jealousies and contentions inseparable from high public office. His sense of honor appears in his refusal, in 1733, of the post of Judge of Admiralty, an office that he felt he could not accept because its incumbency depended on the good will of the local legislative assembly, and he therefore feared he could not impartially maintain the rights of the Crown. "So that," he says in his letter of declination to the Duke of Newcastle, "to have accepted this post in it's present situation, would have reduc'd me to the hard Choice of sacrificing the Court to a mean popularity, or making a sacrifice of myself in the defence of it; the first neither honourable nor honest, and the last not prudent."

The letters selected for publication cover the period from 1731 to 1760, and are written to and from the Duke of Newcastle, the Lords of Trade, the General Court of Massachusetts, Sir William Pepperrell, Governor William Greene of Rhode Island, Sir William Johnson, and many others. There are also letters between Mrs. Shirley and the Duke of Newcastle in reference to the advancement of Shirley's fortunes in the administration of the colony. Under date of August 23, 1741, we find a letter of acknowledgment from the newly appointed Governor to the English minister whose influence with the Crown had secured him the post. After expressing his sense of obligation to Newcastle, the writer continues in a strain that gives some idea of the difficulties and vexations he had to encounter in accepting the proffered position. In one sentence of portentous length, and in the epistolary style of his time, Shirley thus depicts the situation:

"I am sensible, My Lord Duke, that I am now entring upon the Governmt of a province, where Col. Shute quitted the Chair, & Mr. Burnett broke his heart thrô the Temper and Opposition of the people; & Mr. Belcher in the midst of his Countrymen fail'd of carrying any one of those points for the Crown, wch might have been expected from him; and that I enter upon it at a time, when an empty Treasury, an Aversion in the House of Representatives to supply it conformably to his Majy's last Instructions; a weak and Ruinous Condition of their Fortifications, a bad Spirit rais'd throughout the Country by the Land Bank Scheme, by means of it's being conniv'd at here in it's first rise, remaining uncheck'd so long, that the imprudt manner of endeavouring to check it here afterwards by those who were

*Correspondence of William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts and Military Commander in America. 1731–1760. Edited under the auspices of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America. By Charles Henry Lincoln, Ph.D. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

at the same time endeavouring to support & countenance it at home thrô Mr. Partridge, only inflamed it; & Mr. Belcher's constant acceptance from year to year of a Diminished Salary, after he had obtained leave to take it without insisting upon his Majesty's Instruction on that head, the value of weh is by that means sunk from abt 1000 l. Sterl. weh had been allow'd by the Genl Court to Governr Burnett and himself with a promise to the former of 'em to continue as ample an Allowance, down to the Value of 650 l. Sterl. weh seems to have been done by him with some particular View of his own, to secure his station by the smallness of his Salary; are what make up the present Scene of Affairs in the province, whereupon the House of Representatives tell me in their Address, that they are concern'd my Accession to the Chair should be attended with such Difficulties."

The next event of supreme importance touched upon in the letters is the capture of Louisburg, a difficult military operation in which little aid was received or indeed expected from the mother country, and which owed its success chiefly to Shirley's ability in arousing the martial enthusiasm of New England, in adjusting the differences between Admiral Sir Peter Warren and Sir William Pepperrell, and in conceiving and causing to be executed a bold and brilliant plan of attack. "Probably every prudent strategist would have deemed the scheme foolhardy," says Mr. J. A. Doyle in his sketch of Shirley's life; and Shirley himself allows his sense of the splendid success achieved in the face of formidable obstacles to appear underneath the modesty and restraint of his language in communicating the event to the Lords of Trade. He says, in concluding his brief account of the action:

"Upon the whole, I hope when it is considered that 3,600 raw New England Troops, supported by His Majesty's Ships to the seaward, have reduc'd one of the French King's strongest and most important Fortresses, having in it a Garrison of near 600 regular Troops, and about 1400 Effective Men under Arms besides, with the Loss of not quite 100 men on our side, and killing near the same number of the Enemy within the Walls during the Siege (many of them with their Small Arms) I may be permitted to say in Justice to His Majesty's New England Subjects that their behaviour has done no dishonour to his Arms."

In far more self-applausive vein, knowing the temper of those he is addressing, does Governor Shirley proclaim to the Penobscot and Norridgewock Indians the signal victory of the English and colonial forces over the perfidious French, and the expectations entertained as to the future policy of the red men. He thus concludes:

"This Intelligence we Send you that you may not be deluded by the French or St. Johns & Nova Scotia Indians that may Sollicit you to break your Friendship with us to your own ruin. We have been your faithful Friends, and your Traffick with us has been much more for your Advantage than your Trade with the French and you may still live easy with us, & free from the distress & danger of War if you please but if not, & you will let the French & the Indians in their Interest deceive & Seduce you & you will perfidiously break your Solemn League with us, we doubt not but the Great God who is the Avenger of all such Wickedness and has so remarkably punished our Treacherous Enemys the French will stand by us & give us Success for the punishing your perfidiousness, but if you are willing to Enjoy the Benefits of peace with us, we Shall Expect that you will Send two or three of your chief Captains to Confirm the Friendship between Us, and if any of your people stand in fear of the French and therefore want protection for themselves and their Familys and will come to Boston, we will take care of them, I Expect that you Send me your answer without delay."

After General Braddock's untimely end, the command of all the British forces in America devolved upon Shirley, who just then was personally engaged in leading the unsuccessful expedition against Fort Niagara. He seems to have had friction in his relations with the masterful Sir William Johnson, and as even a jaundiced view of our hero may help to a better knowledge of his character, let us quote a few lines, here and there, from Johnson's indignant appeal to the Lords of Trade.

"Govr. Shirleys conduct not only shook the system of Indian affairs, gave me fresh vexation and perplexity, but occasioned considerable and additional Expenses which would otherwise have been saved; . . . From Govr. Shirley's late Behaviour and his Letters to me I am under no doubt that he is become my inveterate enemy and that the whole weight of his Powers and abilities will be exerted to blast if he can my Character — here and here only am I anxious. Gross Falsehoods (such as he has already asserted in his letters to me,) artful misrepresentations, Deliberate malice, Resentment worked up by People in his confidence, whose Interest, nay whose very livelihood depends upon their inflaming him — these my Lords are circumstances which I own disturb me. . . . From Govr. Shirley's ill grounded resentment, from the imperious stile he writes to me since Genl. Braddock's death, from his threatning intimations and his temper, I am confirmed in this lesson, that a subordinate power here with regard to Indian Affairs . . . will be incompatible with my abilities and inclinations to conduct them."

Evidently there was not room on the same continent for both Shirley and Johnson, although Shirley's relations with other prominent men and high officials in the colonies were remarkably harmonious. His requests for advice from Franklin and the latter's high opinion of him help to establish his reputation as a wise and just administrator. The circumstances of his recall and his attitude toward both his successor and the home government also go far to confirm our favorable opinion of him as one who controlled his passions and nursed no ignoble resent-

ments. His subsequent governorship of the Bahamas, and his return to Massachusetts to pass the last year of his life in the then rural seclusion of Roxbury, are matters not touched upon in Mr. Lincoln's volumes, except that one short letter from the Bahamas is printed at the very end, and brief mention of Shirley's last years is made in the Introduction.

That portion of the public whom the Colonial Dames and Mr. Lincoln seek to interest in this conspicuously able and energetic colonial governor will not be disappointed in the manner his letters have been presented for their entertainment and instruction; and the volumes will be the more welcome since, apart from his own correspondence, no extended account of Shirley's life and public services is to be found in print. The preparation of a formal biography has been greatly facilitated by Mr. Lincoln's labors.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

### ON CANADA'S REMOTE FRONTIERS.*

In four recent volumes of travels we are taken from the extreme northwest to the extreme northeast of Canada; from the valley of the Yukon to Cape Chidley at the entrance to Hudson Straits. Though they vary greatly in everything else that goes to make up the real value of a book, they all possess at least the merit of being first-hand narratives. Mr. Tollemache's book describes his hunting and trapping experiences on the upper waters of the Yukon; Sir John Rogers tells us of his sporting adventures on Vancouver Island and Newfoundland; Mr. Cabot gives an account of several attempts to penetrate the interior of the Labrador peninsula; and Dr. Hutton reveals the life of a doctor among the Eskimo. Taken as contributions to literature, the first may be described as poor; the second as mediocre; the third as good; and the last as a book in a thousand. All four writers have chosen fields that had been already visited and described by others, but the results are vastly different. It may be taken as an axiom that no man is justified in imposing upon a long-suffering public his experiences in a familiar region unless those experiences add something new, and worth while, to the sum of human knowledge.

Mr. Tollemache admits that many books on the Yukon had appeared previous to his own, and that the subject had become somewhat hackneyed; but he urges, modestly enough, that he had become acquainted with incidents and methods of life in that remote region which he had not seen printed in other volumes. His narrative hardly bears out the promise. It is for the most part an account of trapping adventures, fur-trading and travelling on the Pelly, McMillan, and other upper waters of the Yukon, which have been at least as well described by other travellers. His account of the Klondyke boom, the mining camps, the dance-halls in Dawson, and other features of Yukon life a few years ago, has of course been covered by a score of earlier writers. Finally, when he deals with facts outside his own particular line of vision, Mr. Tollemache is all at sea. He expresses amazement at the sale of Alaska by Russia for "such an absurdly small figure," evidently altogether ignorant of the history of that interesting transaction. He tells us that "the term 'capitalist' is a common denomination in Canada and the United States, and may include anyone possessing $100 or more in ready cash." Finally, he affords the interesting bit of information that "Quebec, in Eastern Canada, forms the principal resort of the French Canadians."

"Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland" is essentially the narrative of an enthusiastic fisherman. To anyone interested in sporting adventures in out-of-the-way corners of the earth, Sir John Rogers's book cannot prove otherwise than entertaining. He is not only a keen sportsman, with all the true sportsman's relish for the details of fishing-tackle, weather conditions, camp equipment, and weight of fish, but he has also a thorough appreciation of scenery. This passage, written after an unsuccessful day with the salmon, is a good example of his descriptive style.

"The row home that evening compensated for everything. The sun was setting behind the snow-covered peaks of the Vancouver Mountains, bare and cold below the snow-line, but gradually clothed with foliage down the slopes until the dense pine forest of the plain between the mountains and the sea was reached, from which the evening mists were beginning to rise. In the foreground, the sea, like molten glass, reflected the exquisite colouring of the northern sunset, its surface broken by the eddies of the making tide, or the occasional splash of a leaping salmon. Across the straits on the Mainland, the tops of the great mountains clothed with eternal snow were lit up a rose-pink by the rays of the setting sun. I have seldom seen a more beautiful scene, or one which gave such a deep sense of peace."

*REMINISCENCES OF THE YUKON. By Stratford Tollemache. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

SPORT IN VANCOUVER AND NEWFOUNDLAND. By Sir John Rogers. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

IN NORTHERN LABRADOR. By William Brooks Cabot. Illustrated. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

AMONG THE ESKIMOS OF LABRADOR. By Dr. S. K. Hutton. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

"It has been said by someone," says Mr. William Brooks Cabot, "that all the places now unexplored were so miserably bad that no one would care to have anything to do with them." Mr. Cabot found the caribou country of northeastern Labrador not a bad region to wander in, and the natives well worth visiting. These two motives—the call of the wilderness, and especially the unexplored wilderness, and the fascinating study of a race still in almost its primitive state—drew Mr. Cabot to Labrador year after year between 1904 and 1910, and furnished the very interesting material which he has embodied in his book. He has not only given us a great deal of really valuable information as to the geography of a little-known region, but he has brought together much that was new as to the character and customs of the Indians of Labrador, "a little group of a race high in personality, yet living substantially in the pre-Columbian age of the continent," and he has added materially to what was known of the fauna of that region. Incidentally, he speaks feelingly and eloquently of the numbers, enterprise, and penetrating qualities of the Labrador mosquito. But perhaps more than all else he is filled with the lure, the charm of wild places, and he is able to bring much of it home to his readers. In taking leave of the bleak, inhospitable land, which nevertheless he had found so full of interest and fascination, he says:

"It was a time of reckoning for me, the turning over of what had been in my Labrador years the stringing of beads that should always a little shine. Some of these had seemed clouded in the gathering, but in the reverie of those final days they were lighted all. Though never the world again were young, there had been days. Coast and inland — inland and coast. The early hard days on the mainland, the hills and valleys alone, the calm of the noble bays; their silence, broken only by the rise of wings; Tuh-pungiuk and Un'sekat and Opetik; and the strong opposing sea. The rolling barrens, the hills of the height of land. The tall, grave people there, the smiling strong ones here; the aurora and the bergs and the innumerable insect foe. Long days and twilight nights, dark nights and stormy days; the sunshine on the sea and the white-backed eiders' charge. So my string was strung. Always for me now would return the gray barrens, stretching far and on, always the lakes and the lodge-smokes on their shores. Always would the people watch the deer, always stand silent at the shore, as friends would wave as they go; the land be ever theirs. The light that has been never quite fails the wilderness traveller; his feet may remain afar, but his mind returns

'Where the caribou are standing
On the gilded hills of morning,
Where the white moss meets the footstep
And the way is long before.'"

Dr. Hutton's book, "Among the Eskimos of Labrador," is a rare interpretation of a most interesting type of mankind — the Eskimo of the Moravian Missions. One feels instinctively, without knowing anything more of him than is revealed in his book, that Dr. Hutton is very much such a man as Dr. Grenfell — strong, manly, sympathetic, gifted with plenty of common-sense, with the elusive quality that wins confidence everywhere, and with that salt that adds a savor to every character, redeeming the mean or poor, enriching the good, humanizing the great — the saving gift of humor. That he can also write a book that is worth while, we now have evidence. He has indeed given us something that will live when thousands of contemporary books have been forgotten. And this is not because his book has any marked literary charm, or elaborates any particular theory of human conduct; but rather because it is a true, simple, and direct narrative of the life of a good and strong man, and of the child-like people to whom he ministered. Dr. Hutton has shown us the inner life of the Eskimo, and his real personality — the life and personality which are hidden from the casual visitor to the Labrador; he has shown us his home, his family, the things that are vital to him, his outlook upon his own small world and the mysterious beyond; and he has succeeded in making the Eskimo of Hebron and Nain and Ramah and Okak an altogether likable personality.

Dr. Hutton's book is one that lends itself peculiarly to quotation. In fact, it is in this respect embarrassing to the reviewer. One finds so much that would bear repeating, that it is difficult to pick and choose. The building of the hospital was a great event at Okak, and brought a curious medley of patients. Says Dr. Hutton:

"I remember how old Rebekah came one day, nursing a wounded hand. She is one of the stateliest of the village grandmothers, an active old woman of sixty-five, with her teeth nearly worn to the gums; but, old as she is, she is well able to take an oar in a boat — or a pair, for the matter of that — and thinks nothing of trudging to and from the woods, five miles away, to fetch broken branches to replenish her stove. With proper Eskimo dignity she came in and sat down, and composed herself to tell her tale; and all the while she was hugging her left hand, swathed in a red bandanna handkerchief.

"'I was making boots just now,' she said, 'and the leather-knife slipped and cut my thumb. Ai-ai, it bled very much, and it was nearly cut off; but I had my boot-needle threaded with isalo (reindeer-sinew), and I sewed my thumb with that, so that it no longer bleeds; and now I have come to let you bind it up.' And there and then the old woman unwrapped her handker-

chief and displayed her hand, with a long wound neatly sewed up, stitch upon stitch, in proper bootmaker's style.

"This serves to illustrate the native indifference to pain; and even in the worst of sufferings their attitude is the same. I have seen them, men and women, in dingy little huts and in leaky calico tents, lying on rough beds of moss and reindeer skins, silent and uncomplaining, though their faces were blanched and the beads of perspiration stood out under the strain of physical suffering. The very thought calls forth one's sympathy; and the pictures that crowd before me as I write — pictures of people toiling up the steps of the new hospital, with the marks of pain on their faces and a dumb and eager hopefulness shining in their eyes — has left an impression on my mind that time will never efface. A strangely attractive folk: with children's fears and childhood's quaint ideas, and childhood's whims and fancies and unreasoning demands, but with a manly bravery in the face of pain or danger, and a manly mastery of the terrible rigours of their daily work, that call for admiration."

On another occasion, Dr. Hutton was in Nain, and an urgent message came from Okak that a boy had been brought in to the hospital with a compound fracture. It was important to go at once, but the dogs were out of condition, and a bad storm was coming up. The old Eskimo schoolmaster urged him not to attempt the journey. "You will all be lost," he said.

"His concern was real, so I called my drivers. 'What do you say?' I asked them. 'Are you willing to go?'

"'Illale' (of course), they said. 'Ready,' said I, 'go ahead.' The dogs slowly raised themselves on their legs, and whined as they trotted along the bumpy path toward the sea-ice; and the heavy wrack of the northern storm came bowling along to meet us. 'Aksuse!' shouted the people, 'be strong'; and we waved our hands and shouted back. Then they began to sing.

"There is a lump in my throat and a mist in my eyes even now, when I think of that scene: just a crowd of rough Eskimos, people whose grandfathers had been heathen and wild, singing a hymn of God-speed as we set out on our dangerous errand.

"'Takkotigêlârminiptingnut
Gûde illagilisetôk,'

they sang, and the charmingly balanced harmony came fainter and ever fainter as the wind began to sigh about us and the snow to beat on our faces. 'God be with you till we meet again,'— and we settled confidently to our task."

It is one of many interesting points brought out in Dr. Hutton's narrative, that the Eskimos, although they have no native music, no traditional tunes, no folk-songs of their own, have a natural taste for music, with good voices and an instinctive feeling for harmony. Jerry the native Okak organist, is described as a really clever musician, with a remarkable command of several instruments besides his organ; while Nathaniel, the Nain schoolmaster, one of the most cultured of the Eskimos, has composed an anthem in four parts, which was sung by the Eskimo choir. Dr. Hutton concludes:

"I lay my pen aside with my mind still full of the memories that are so vivid to me. Brown, smiling faces pass before me; familiar names sound in my ears; bright eyes look into mine; musical voices sing outside my window; gruff shouts echo as the boys come sliding down the hill; Jerry and his bandsmen march along, waking the village with their trumpet notes; the poor girl on the bed of reindeer skins whispers her 'Nakomêk' (how thankful); the crowd on the slope of the frozen beach sings me off into the storm; the voice of little Johannes calls above the whining of the dog; and as I bid adieu to my neighbours the Eskimos, I pass on to my reader the noble old greeting that I heard so often — 'Aksunai.'"

One or two quotations such as these can give but a very inadequate idea of what is really a remarkable narrative; but they may at least serve to suggest the character of the author, and of the curious little community clinging so tenaciously to its rocky and desolate-looking home on the extreme north-eastern coast of America.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

## TWO MERCHANT MARINERS OF SINGAPORE.*

May a kindly fate deliver our descendants from stale and flat uniformity of language, dress, and manners, in all regions of the earth. Though few nooks and corners of the world are still unvisited by the prying eyes of the explorer and the glob-trotter, we are yet free from that uniformity which seems to threaten the twenty-first century. The polar regions are to-day sternly alluring to bold hearts. There are regions of Asia and Africa still unexplored. And the perennial fascination of the peculiar and the picturesque still inheres in the less forward nations of the world. That special sort of romance belonging to the story of the adventurous trader in far seas and remote lands bids fair soon to vanish in the presence of steamship, railway, and other universal levellers, but it has thus far not quite disappeared. Just because it is about to die out of the world, we take added delight in present-day instances of merchant-mariner's romance.

A most interesting example is the life-story of John Dill Ross and his son and namesake, traders in the Indian Ocean from the early decades of the nineteenth century almost until the present. "Sixty Years' Life and Adventure in the Orient" professes to be an account of the life of Captain John Dillon Northwood and of that of his son up to his retirement from

*SIXTY YEARS' LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN THE FAR EAST. By John Dill Ross. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

the oriental trade; but the modest disguise does not conceal the true persons, Captain Ross and the author, Mr. John Dill Ross, now of London. Beginning with a history of the British influence in Borneo in the person of that remarkable Rajah Brooke, the book relates in vivid and always entertaining manner the life-story of Captain Northwood from his birth on an island in the China Sea, his schooling in the home of a clergyman in Australia, his marriage and first romantic sea-venture—a voyage in a diminutive sailing vessel from the China Sea to Australia—through his merchant career as trader and shipowner doing business between Borneo, the Moluccas, and Singapore. After the death of Captain Northwood the son continued his father's career through a number of years filled with picturesque experiences, until he was stricken down by deadly tropical fever and invalided home. The story of the elder Northwood's career never flags in entertainment. He was a man fit to have sailed with Drake in pursuit of Spanish galleons,—bold, quick-witted, ready in emergency, persistent always till he gained his prize. But his personality is delightful not because of these traits alone, but by reason of their constant association with generosity, fair-mindedness, and the manners of a gentleman. The story is replete with episodes of keen interest or amusement, and the shrewd and magnanimous Captain always proves equal to the occasion, whether it be fighting pirates—without killing any if he could avoid it—or gracefully getting rid of the vivacious wife of a Dutch planter and capitalist after Captain Northwood had sailed away from Borneo, unaware that the lady had been rendered drowsy by wine, and, instead of accompanying her lord and his party off the ship, had remained asleep on a lounge in the saloon. The Captain develops, as the story proceeds, into an admirable personification of the best British virtues, and the biographer wins the sympathy of the reader for the tough and yet tender old seaman when his large fortune is suddenly lost, and holds an ever deepening interest to the end of his heroic and honorable struggle to restore the loss.

The story of the author's own career in the Orient is also entertaining, but it lacks the two elements of interest inhering in that of the father—remoteness in time and picturesque character. Indeed, it might have been wiser to make two books instead of two volumes. The unity of each would have been more satisfactory, and the antique nature of the first would not have detracted from the modern quality of the second. As the two volumes, however, are easy reading, one can heartily commend the story to summer readers in the mountains, and especially by the sea, with which it is so intimately concerned.

O. D. WANNAMAKER.

---

### ATHENS IN DECLINE.*

Historians of Greece usually close their narrative with the death of Alexander the Great (323 B.C.), the date from which foreign influence began to work more and more powerfully in Hellas until the over-lordship of Rome was clinched by the capture of Corinth by the consul Mummius (146 B.C.) and the sack of Athens by Sulla (86 B.C.). This intervening period of nearly two centuries was, for Athens particularly, marked by a steady decline in military and political prestige. We see the once imperial city coquetting with the various successors of Alexander, surrendering item after item of her material strength, and retaining only the intellectual and artistic primacy of which neither Antioch nor Alexandria nor Pergamon could deprive her.

In Professor Ferguson's substantial volume on "The Hellenistic Commonwealth," this transformation of the city-state Athens into a municipality under tyrannical and imperial rule is traced with much industry and learning, and with great minuteness of detail. He objects to the dictum of Freeman that "we owe it to the greatness of Athens to study the story of her miserable fall," and insists that "no one would now think of approaching a book on Hellenistic Athens to discover the secret of Athenian decline. . . that the fate of Athens was settled by the Peloponnesian war. . . and that whoever believes with Freeman that history is first of all past politics must no longer look for the supreme crisis in Athenian affairs after Alexander's time." Hence the compelling interest of the Hellenistic period will attach to the above-mentioned transformation and to the social and economic conditions which grew out of it. Athens was still, and increasingly, the centre of culture; but with politics reduced to a futility, our attention is fastened on the changes in thought and life which now became manifest. The revelations of the New Comedy—the comedy of manners—show with painful monotony how latent or subterranean features of Athenian life were brought to the surface with tropical rapidity under the tyrannies of the two

*The Hellenistic Commonwealth. By William Scott Ferguson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Demetrii (of Phalerum and Poliorcetes). Instead of a Xenophon or a Thucydides we have the plays of Menander or the 'Characters' of Theophrastus as our guides through the "farrago of Attic life."

But the nobler side of the Attic genius is not neglected; and to Professor Ferguson we owe a luminous description of the four great schools of philosophic thought — Plato's Academy, Aristotle's Peripatos, Epicurus's Garden, and Zeno's Porch; as well as of their successive periods of influence, when philosophers like Xenocrates and Carneades (the "pragmatist *par excellence*") were placed at the head of diplomatic embassies, and ideal systems of thought were appealed to for practical guidance.

A vivid though somewhat sketchy picture of the Athens of 200 B. C. is afforded in an extract from the "Notes on Greek Cities" of Heracleides the Critic, cited at some length by Professor Ferguson, but too long for the reproduction of more than a sentence or two.

"The Athenians are great-souled, simple in their manners, reliable custodians of friendship. Some informers run about in the city, harassing wealthy visitors; but should the people catch them, theirs would be a hard fate. The genuine Athenians are keen art critics, and unwearying patrons of plays, concerts, and lectures. In a word, Athens surpasses other cities in all that makes for the enjoyment and betterment of life, by as much as other cities surpass the country."

Professor Ferguson's summary of the whole passage is suggestive.

"Athens is neither lawless, provincial, nor romantic. She has high-minded gentlemen and a waspish populace; a constant round of gaiety and ever-threatening hunger; mean, dusty streets and noble public buildings; good taste and critical acumen; crowds of foreigners, busy schools of philosophers, and, implicit in all else, the blessings of peace."

Most informing, perhaps, is the chapter on the relations of Athens and Delos. The famous little island, home of the worship of Apollo and Artemis, was secured to Athens by the establishment, in 166 B. C., of an Athenian cleruchy, or colony. To the islet's religious importance was now added commercial prosperity; but the masterful Romans soon interfered, dissolved the Athenian cleruchy, and took over the administration of Delian affairs. The result was to make Delos entirely cosmopolitan. Then was seen, in greater measure than ever, that curious intrusion of strange Oriental cults on the "pure" Hellenic faiths. On the little area of about three square miles, Apollo and Artemis found themselves crowded by Sabazius, Osiris, Astarte, Serapis, and Isis. In the elucidation of these matters Professor Ferguson has been greatly aided by the work of the French scholars who have been working at Delos for the past forty years.

The author has made excellent use of the original and secondary sources — the great *corpora* of inscriptions, the writings of Menander, Polybius, Plutarch, and Pausanias, as well as of all modern scholars who have dealt with Hellenistic themes. Citations occupy a portion of almost every page, and make the book an admirable directory for students of the period. There is a general bibliography, an excursus on the instruments of Athenian government, and a satisfactory index. The latter affords an opportunity for correcting a twice-repeated misprint; others might be mentioned on pages 63, 328, 414, and 438.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

## IN THE JUNGLES OF TROPICAL AMERICA.*

The rapid increase of automobiles in civilized countries in the last decade has tremendously enlarged the consumption of rubber, advanced its price, and stimulated the search for new sources of the crude gum and the fuller exploitation of known fields of production. The effort to find by synthetic chemistry an adequate substitute which is commercially available has thus far failed.

As a pebble thrown into a pond creates ripples which in ever-widening circles press toward the remoter parts and reach finally every nook and corner, so the demand for rubber has carried the civilization of today into the most distant parts of the tropics, diluted, weakened, distorted, but still effective in shaping the activities and directing the daily life of the remotest savage tribe, and taking here, as in furnace and factory, its toll of human lives.

To what an extent the demand for rubber has developed commerce, opened the jungle, carried men of force and education as well as the trader and the half-civilized native into the tropical wilderness of the head-waters of the Amazon, may be gathered from a perusal of Mr. Algot Lange's "In the Amazon Jungle." Through steamers run from Iquitos in Peru down the Amazon to New York and during the rainy

*IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE. Adventures in the Remote Parts of the Upper Amazon River, including a Sojourn among Cannibal Indians. By Algot Lange. Edited in part by J. Odell Hauser, with an Introduction by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

season Mr. Lange assures us that the "Mauretania" could sail up this great river to Remate de Males at the Peruvian frontier. During this season immense tracts of the tropical jungle are under water, and fevers, the omnipresent malaria, the fatal yellow fever, and the mysterious *beri-beri*, rule the land.

In common with frontier towns in our own land, Remate de Males ("Culmination of Evils") and its Peruvian neighbor, Nazareth, are decorated, when not submerged, with a motley array of tin cans of American origin and empty bottles from all nations. The rubber gatherer is handsomely paid, even by our standards, and the jungle traders see to it that his wages are quickly spent. With American foods go some of our modern inventions, the inevitable gramophone, and even, on remote jungle paths in the native huts perched high in the trees, the American sewing machine!

The author penetrated the remote jungle, with an exploring party sent out by one of the larger rubber "estates" in search of new forests to tap, or to ruthlessly fell, as is sometimes done. The expedition was a fatal one, fever, *beri-beri*, and deadly snakes claiming their victims, till alone in his delirium the author fell in with a community of the savage Mangeroma cannibals who nursed him back to health, taught him their language and customs, and even took him with them on an ambush for a party of raiding Peruvian rubber gatherers who furnished the *pièce de résistance* at the feast which followed the victory. Armed only with poison darts and blow guns, war clubs and spears, they overcame and completely destroyed the party armed with firearms. This novel experience convinced our author that "our earth has not been reduced to a dead level of drab and commonplace existence, and that somewhere in the remote parts of the world are still to be found people who have never seen or heard of white men."

It is an extremely interesting picture which is here portrayed of the life in the frontier rubber trading-post and in the tambos of the darkened trails through the dense tropical jungle, of the life of stream and forests, of pungent rubber smudges, and of gold to be picked up till all the negative boxes are filled, only to be thrown away again in the delirious race with hunger and fever back toward the outposts of civilization.

The book is well written and handsomely illustrated with unique photographs of the Amazon jungle.

CHARLES A. KOFOID.

## RECENT POETRY.*

A noteworthy literary phenomenon is that provided by the novelists who have turned poets—or, to speak more exactly, by the writers who, after achieving success as novelists, have surprised their readers by the revelation of a marked poetic faculty. That one must have something of this faculty to be a writer of enduring fiction is a thesis that has often been maintained; and it is not surprising, when we come to think of it, that so many novelists have won no mean measure of success in the production of verse. Scott and Meredith are the striking examples in English literature, although in their cases the poetic gift was the first to be revealed. Both Thackeray and Dickens were poets, of a sort; and even more distinctly so were George Eliot, Bulwer, the Brontë Sisters, Kingsley, and Blackmore. In more recent years, Mr. Thomas Hardy has provided confirmation of the thesis in question, both by asserting the principle and by illustrating it in practice. "The Dynasts" will, we firmly believe, come to be regarded as one of his most significant works, and many of his shorter poems have a grip and a vitality that will prevent them from being forgotten. American examples are Poe, Harte, Mr. Howells, and Mr. A. S. Hardy. The Germans and Scandinavians recognize the principle instinctively by failing to provide in their vocabularies words which are restricted in their meaning to compositions metrical in form. *Dichtung* and *Digtning* mean imaginative writing of any sort, prose or verse; the name *Dichter* belongs as fully to Hauptman and Sudermann as it does to Goethe and Schiller; and both Björnson and Ibsen would be known as *Digter* if they had never written a page in measure and rhyme.

Quite a number of present-day English novelists are now essaying the poetical form. Mr. Maurice Hewlett and Sir Arthur Doyle have recently engaged our attention, and now come Mr. John Masefield and Mr. John Galsworthy with volumes of poetry in the restricted sense which the English language attaches to the word. Mr. Masefield's offering

*THE EVERLASTING MERCY, AND THE WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MOODS, SONGS, AND DOGGERELS. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHARMIDES, AND OTHER POEMS. Chiefly Relating to Oxford. By Gascoigne Mackie. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

POEMS OF THE NORTH. By H. F. Brett-Smith. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

IN THE WAKE OF THE PHŒNIX. By James Mackereth. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE HILL OF VISION. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE STRANGER AT THE GATE. By John G. Neihardt. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE CANDLE AND THE FLAME. Poems by George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

SCUM O' THE EARTH, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Haven Schauffler. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co.

ECHOES OF CHEER. By John Kendrick Bangs. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

consists of two narrative rhymed poems of arresting quality, "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street." We must admit that they are tracts as well as poems, and that their obtrusively didactic quality is against them as literary productions. One is the tale of a drunken ruffian who gets evangelistic religion by the process of "conversion" made familiar by "revivalist" meetings and other illustrations of "corybantic Christianity." The other is a brutal tale of lust and crime, telling how an English peasant lad is ensnared by a light woman, and is impelled by jealousy to commit a murder for which he is quite properly hanged. Mr. Masefield enlists our sympathy for both of these degenerates, and would seemingly have us believe that they are not beyond the pale of either human or divine forgiveness. He enforces this teaching by making both poems reek with sentimentality, and by a rather nauseous blend of religious symbolism with plain speech. Saul Kane, the ruffian of "The Everlasting Mercy," has been marking his carousings with such discourse as this:

"Come on, drinks round, salue, drink hearty,
Now, Jane, the punch-bowl for the party.
If any here won't drink with me
I'll knock his bloody eyes out. See?
Come on, cigars round, rum for mine,
Sing us a smutty song, some swine,"

which is a comparatively restrained specimen of his reported speech, when the reproaches of a Quaker missionary sink into his soul, and he rushes out into the night filled with such thoughts as these:

"O glory of the lighted mind,
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise,
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture of the joy I felt.
The narrow station-wall's brick ledge,
The wild hop withering in the hedge,
The light in huntsman's upper storey
Were parts of an eternal glory,
Were God's eternal garden flowers.
I stood in bliss at this for hours."

It is sentimentally and even dramatically effective, but we are afraid that it is not good psychology. Before his "conversion," Saul has a colloquy with the parson, which might have come straight from Ibsen's "Brand," so exactly does it reproduce the terse rhythm, the argumentative manner, and the fiery indignation of that great poem. Says Saul:

"The English church both is and was
A subsidy of Caiaphas.
I don't believe in Prayer nor Bible,
They 're all lies through, and you 've a libel,
A libel on the Devil's plan
When first he miscreated man.
You mumble through a formal code
To get which martyrs burned and glowed.
I look on martyrs as mistakes,
But still they burned for it at stakes;
Your only fire 's the jolly fire
Where you can guzzle port with Squire,
And back and praise his damned opinions,
About his temporal dominions."

The parson's rejoinder is in the following strain:

"States are not made, nor patched; they grow,
Grow slow through centuries of pain
And grow correctly in the main,
But only grow by certain laws
Of certain bits in certain jaws.
You want to doctor that. Let be
You cannot patch a growing tree.
Put these two words beneath your hat,
These two: *securus judicat.*
. . . . . .
To get the whole world out of bed,
And washed, and dressed, and warmed, and fed,
To work, and back to bed again,
Believe me, Saul, costs worlds of pain.
Then as to whether true or sham
That book of Christ, whose priest I am;
The Bible is a lie, say you,
Where do you stand, suppose it true?
Good-bye. But if you 've more to say,
My doors are open night and day.
Meanwhile, my friend, 't would be no sin
To mix more water in your gin.
We 're neither saints nor Philip Sidneys,
But mortal men with mortal kidneys."

It sounds like a parody of the dialogues between Brand and the mayor. These narratives by Mr. Masefield are virile, slapdash stuff, but it is only in spots that they deserve to be glorified with the name of poetry, and the streaks of deep feeling and imaginative power do not fuse with the sordid matrix of realism.

Mr. Galsworthy speaks to us with the accent of the authentic poet, albeit he chooses the modest style of "Moods, Songs, and Doggerels" for his title. Now a large part of Mr. Masefield's volume must be described as doggerel, but this seems too harsh a term even for Mr. Galsworthy's trifles. Such lines as these, surely, deserve a gentler name:

"Life? What is Life?
The leaping up of level wave;
The flaring of an ashy fire;
The living wind in airless grave!

"Death? What is Death?
The dying of immortal sun;
The sleeping of the sleepless moon;
The end of story not begun!"

"Love" is the title of the following poignant distillate from the alembic of experience:

"O Love! that love which comes so stealthily,
And takes us up, and twists us as it will—
What fever'd hours of agony you bring!
How oft we wake and cry: 'God set me free
Of love—to never love again!' And still
We fall, and clutch you by the knees, and cling
And press our lips—and so, once more are glad!

"And if you go, or if you never come,
Through what a grieving wilderness of pain
We travel on! In prisons stripped of light
We blindly grope, and wander without home.
The friendless winds that sweep across the plain—
The beggars meeting us at silent night—
Than we, are not more desolate and sad!"

The lines called "Errantry" give voice to an idealism which never fails the poet who has the true

conception of his mission as an inspiring interpreter of life.

"Come! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!
For who would live so petty and unblest
That dare not tilt at something ere he die
Rather than, screened by safe majority,
Preserve his little life to little ends,
And never raise a rebel battle-cry!

"Ah! for the weapon wistful and sublime,
Whose lifted point recks naught of woe or weal,
Since Fate demands it shivered every time!
When in the wildness of our charge we reel
Men laugh indeed — the sweeter heavens smile,
For all the world of fat prosperity
Has not the value of that broken steel!"

One thinks of innumerable parallels to this expression of lofty thought — from Lowell, Sill, Arnold, Dobson, and many others — but of none more persuasive and sincere. Mr. Galsworthy is not alone a poet of abstract ideas, as the indignant lines entitled "Persia — Moritura" may testify.

"Home of the free! Protector of the weak!
Shall We and this Great Grey Ally make sand
Of all a nation's budding green, and wreak
Our winter will on that unhappy land?
Is all our steel of soul disolved and flown?
Have fumes of fear encased our heart of flame?
Are we with panic so deep-rotted down
In self, that we can feel no longer shame
To league, and steal a nation's hope of youth?
Oh! Sirs! Is our Star merely cynical?
Is God reduced? That we must darken truth,
And break our honour with this creeping fall?

"Is Freedom but a word — a flaring boast?
Is Self-Concern horizon's utter sun?
If so — To-day let England die, and ghost
Through all her godless history to come!
If, Sirs, the faith of men be Force alone,
Let us ring down — The farce is nothing worth.
If Life be only prayer to things of stone,
Come Death! And let us, friends, go mocking forth!
But if there's aught, in all Time's bloody hours,
Of Justice, if the herbs of Pity grow —
O Native Land, let not those only flowers
Of God be desert-strewn and withered now!"

If the crime against Persia be finally consummated by England's connivance with the monstrous despotism of the Muscovite, these lines at least will remain to show that the hideous wrong was not accomplished without a protest.

"Charmides and Other Poems Chiefly Relating to Oxford" is an exquisite volume of verse by Mr. Gascoigne Mackie. The titular piece, pictorial and elegiac, consists of sixteen verse sections, in three groups of sixteen each, invoking the spirit of "Charmides" with an appeal to old-time memories. We quote one of the most beautiful of these sections.

"Long gaps of lingering splendour — but no sun —
Now from the heights the hieratic tints
Fade slowly, like the fervour from life's dream:
And every valley veiled in violet bloom
Lies hushed; till lo, from out her vestal shrine —
Heaven's inmost penetralia of peace —
Upon the bosom of maternal night
Passionless Hesper, like a kneeling child,
Glimmers: and soft as dew, the far off hills
Drop down divine nostalgia on my soul
That homeward turns at last.
Dear Charmides,
Still be thou near me, wheresoe'er I walk,
The motive and the charm of solitude:
Close as a shadow let thy memory cling
And deepen round me; till the shadows break
And on the golden bough the thrush begins."

An earlier version of this poem was published in 1898, but it has now been re-written. The same subdued strain of reflection characterizes the other poems of this collection. These stanzas come from "Oxford at Night."

"Austere she stood in ancient times,
A refuge for the pure in heart,
And still the music of her chimes
Peals from a world apart.

"And when we hear those cloister'd bells
After long years, or absence long,
With what high hopes and proud farewells
Their haunting echoes throng!

"Until it seems as if she brings
(To mock the pride of lonely men),
Only the tears of mortal things
That cloud our mortal ken."

Mr. Mackie has both technical skill and the gift of subtle harmonies of word and thought. His work is the expression of a temperament finely attuned to spiritual beauty.

These little books of verse that so frequently come to us from Oxford are apt to be pleasant surprises, revealing talents deserving of a wider fame than they are likely ever to win. We always open them with pleasant anticipations, and are rarely disappointed. Mr. Brett-Smith's "Poems of the North" are not, for the most part, upon Oxonian themes, but reveal instead a spirit that ventures far afield, notably into the realm of Scandinavian legend and mythology. This is "The Steering Song of Olaf Tryggvason."

"Einar, see:
Rush of waves in the sloping sea
Flying, flying swift and free!
Oegir's daughters, lest they charm
To their harm.
Hearts of all the men who roam
On the swan's path of the deep
Down from rugged lands and steep,
Veil their heads in white sea foam.

"Einar, hear:
Storm winds gathering far and near
Sweep the spume from the fretting mere!
Through the shrouds the breezes ring,
Whirr and sing,
Like the hiss of an arrow's flight
When the quivering bows are bent afar
And through the hush of the breaking war
Warriors' eyes are dimmed in night."

These lines on "The Death of Colonel Brett," an Elizabethan seaman slain in Portugal, and presumably one of the author's ancestors, are singularly impressive.

"Nay, lad, 'tis mortal: do not weep, but mark,
I will not lie among these Portingales
The sea being ours; take me a fishing barque —

The fleet rides anchored under Cascais walls —
Bid Drake remember when we both were hale:
He shall not grudge for old felicity,
A pair of shot and some poor yards of sail.
Ah, *vesperascit!* like a spreading tree
The dusk surrounds me with a thousand leaves
And some red berries, which are bright with pain:
My God! I shall not see the yellow sheaves
In England, nor hear ousel sing again —
Only the seamen crying, as she cleaves
Far overhead the shadowy restless main."

The opening lines of "Peace" may be taken to illustrate the somewhat abstract and cloudy versifying of Mr. James Mackereth, as exhibited in the volume entitled "In the Wake of the Phœnix."

"Mute spouse of God, upon whose bosom lies
Time like a child, time of the fevered heart,
Out of this moment of mortality
Toward thee, O mild Unchangeable, we lift
Our hands, our faces mutable uplift,
Like waves that turn their pallor to the moon,
And plead in passing for thy kiss, O Peace.
. . . . . .
Sage dweller on the sacred frontiers
Of realms the armoured years shall enter not,
Aloof from all the clangorous march of time,
From riot, and the ravishments of men,—
O, patient listener to the Innermost,
Flow from the noiseless places of the world!
From the deep valleys 'mid a thousand hills —
Where silence sits forever 'mong her rocks
Poring upon impermanence, flow thence,
Flow from all haunted places where abides
The hush primeval."

And so on, for some two hundred lines.

This Emersonian jingle introduces "The Hill of Vision," by Mr. James Stephens:

"Everything that I can spy
Through the circle of my eye,
Everything that I can see
Has been woven out of me;
I have sown the stars, and threw
Clouds of morning and of eve
Up into the vacant blue;
Everything that I perceive,
Sun and sea and mountain high,
All are moulded by my eye:
Closing it, what shall I find?
— Darkness, and a little wind."

It is spiritual and imaginative vision, rather than physical, that Mr. Stephens prefers to impart. This is his view of what shall be in "The Fulness of Time."

"On a rusty iron throne
Past the furthest star of space
I saw Satan sit alone,
Old and haggard was his face
For his work was done and he
Rested in eternity.

"And to him from out the sun
Came his father and his friend
Saying, now the work is done
Enmity is at an end:
And he guided Satan to
Paradises that he knew.

"Gabriel without a frown,
Uriel without a spear,
Raphael came singing down
Welcoming their ancient peer.
And they seated him beside
One who had been crucified."

Mr. John G. Neihardt is master of a rugged diction, marked by forceful metaphors and a somewhat recondite allusiveness. His meaning is not always clear, and seems to be expressive of an emotional state rather than of an imaginative vision. Many of the pieces in "The Stranger at the Gate" are nature lyrics, not so much descriptive as interpretative in a spiritual sense. This, for example:

"Over the steep cloud-crags
The marching day went down —
Bickering spears and flags,
Slant in a wind of Doom!
Blear in the huddled shadows
Glimmer the lights of the town;
Black pools mottle the meadows,
Swamped in a purple gloom.

"Is it the night wind sobbing
Over the wheat in head?
Is it the world-heart throbbing
Sad with the coming years?
Is it the lifeward creeping
Ghosts of the myriad dead,
Livid with wounds and weeping
Wild, uncleansing tears?"

Of course it is not any of these things, but the poet is licensed to suggest them, for his revelation is not of nature, but of his own soul. We are much impressed with "The Poet's Town," describing the boy who is at heart a poet, living his own life amid commonplace surroundings.

"Rich with the dreamer's pillage,
An idle and worthless lad,
Least in a prosy village,
And prince in Allahabad;

"Lover of golden apples,
Munching a daily crust;
Haunter of dream-built chapels,
Worshipping in the dust;

"Dull to the worldly duty,
Less to the town he grew,
And more to the God of Beauty
Than even the grocer knew!"

Indignation at the present scheme of things in America, and the cry for social justice, are voiced in the poems at the close of the volume.

"No longer blindfold Justice reigns; but leers
A barefaced, venal strumpet in her stead!
The stolen harvests of a hundred years
Are lighter than a stolen loaf of bread!

"O pious Nation, holding God in awe,
Where sacred human rights are duly priced!
Where men are beggared in the name of Law,
Where alms are given in the name of Christ!

"The Country of the Free! — O wretched lie!
The Country of the Brave — Yea, let it be!
One more good fight, O Brothers, ere we die
And this shall be the Country of the Free!"

The freedom here invoked seems to be freedom to pillage the possessors under the mob-banner of socialism. "The Red Wind Comes," from which we have quoted, and the "Cry of the People," which follows it, are quite in the vein of William Morris.

"I am in poetry what Strauss is in music, Rodin in sculpture, and Stück in painting—a cerebral impressionist." "I have found myself as a poet." "My own emotions are too elusive and too complex to be capable of expression or understanding beyond where I have gone. If I lived in Europe, if mine were the freedom of Wedekind and the audience that hails him and goads him, I might still go on. But I realize that I am too far ahead of the pageant of American life to go one step further." "The torch of our lyric fire still burns and will continue to burn when it has passed from my hands into those of a younger poet." "I have given a new lyric impetus to my country. I have loosened the tongue of the young American poets." "I may safely say that I am one of the leaders of the lyric insurgents who, inheriting the technique of Poe and the social conscience of Whitman, have added the new note of passion." "I am perhaps the only American poet whose book of lyric verse made money for himself and his publishers."—These are excerpts from the lengthy introduction to "The Candle and the Flame," Mr. George Sylvester Viereck's new book of poems. Their incredible egotism is very amusing when we realize upon how slight a foundation of achievement it is based. For the author is a very minor poet, distinguished chiefly by an erotic mania and a predilection for toying with unclean themes, and his poetical output thus far includes, besides the present volume, "Nineveh and Other Poems" and a slender sheaf of "Gedichte." He is the avowed enemy of the "Puritans" among our poets, among whom he includes most of our shining names, from Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell to Gilder, Stedman, and Moody. This attitude he puts into a neat epigram: "Phryne is preferable to a New England spinster, but Aspasia is more desirable than Phryne." Mr. Viereck's quality as a singer may be illustrated by the closing stanzas of the poem which gives this collection a title.

"Perhaps the passions of mankind
Are but the torches mystical
Lit by some spirit-hand to find
The dwelling of the Master-Mind
That knows the secret of it all,
In the great darkness and the wind.

"We are the Candle, Love the Flame,
Each little life-light flickers out,
Love bides, immortally the same:
When of life's fever we shall tire
He will desert us, and the fire
Rekindle new in prince or lout.

"Twin-born of knowledge and of lust,
He was before us, he shall be
Indifferent still of thee and me,
When shattered is life's golden cup,
When thy young limbs are shrivelled up,
And when my heart is turned to dust.

"Nay, sweet, smile not to know at last
That thou and I, or knave, or fool,
Are but the involitient tool
Of some world-purpose vague and vast.
No bar to passion's fury set,
With monstrous poppies spice the wine:
For only drunk are we divine,
And only mad shall we forget."

These verses represent Mr. Viereck at his best, and he has many more of stimulating quality and passionate appeal. His thought is often far from clear—and indeed some of his ideas have to be discreetly veiled—but he is thoughtful enough to provide for us a marginal commentary which is quite as good reading as the poems themselves. As he says, "We may give a clue now and then which can direct the mind of the reader and perhaps prevent critics yet unborn from wasting marvellously ingenious devices upon the erection of spurious pyramids on the base of a fatal misprint or a mistaken assumption. Neither Goethe, nor Shakespeare, it may be urged, was his own commentator. The resultant loss, however, was both theirs and the world's." Mr. Viereck sees to it that the world shall suffer no such loss in the case of his own immortal works. A single quotation from the "Marginalia" will exemplify their galvanic character: "I once made the reckless remark that the three men I most admired were Christ, Napoleon, and Oscar Wilde, each a martyr to his creed, the ethical, the dynamic, and the æsthetic. After calm reflection I cannot find three men who typify more perfectly the great intellectual and temperamental world-currents. Recently in Paris I visited the graves of Napoleon and Oscar Wilde. As Jerusalem was too far away, I paid my devotion to the founder of Christianity, not at Nôtre Dame, but at the tomb of another intellectual of the race of Christ—Heinrich Heine."

Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler is the author of a striking poem called "Scum o' the Earth," suggested by the hordes of immigrants landing at Castle Garden. As they pass in procession before him, the various nationalities suggest to the poet's vision their racial potentialities for the enrichment of our national life. An Italian boy, for example, suggests these lines:

"Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
Astare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise:
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You 're only a 'dago,'—and 'scum o' the earth'!"

So he takes them, Greeks and Poles and Czechs and Jews, and urges that the dreams they bring with them constitute their real value to us, far more than

offsetting their ragged habiliments and pitiful store of worldly goods. The broad humanity of this view is very appealing, no doubt, yet the poet who wrote "Unguarded Gates" represented a point of view that needs to be considered also. As becomes a musician, Mr. Schauffler finds in his own special art the inspiration for some of his finest verses.

"Is music 'love in search of words'? Not so.
For love well knows he never may express
In words a tithe of all his tenderness,
Nor paint in human speech a passion's glow
Lit by his flame. Too deep and still, too low
Even for angels' ears, the sacredness
Of meaning when two hearts together press
And feel from eye to eye love's secret flow.

"But music is a house not made with hands,
Built by love's Father, where a little space
The soul may dwell; a royal palace fit
To meet the majesty of its demands.
The place where man's two lives unite; the place
To hold communion with the infinite."

Most of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's verses prove their right to be called "Echoes of Cheer," and none more so than this pair of stanzas on "The Optimist."

"Care came first and laid his siege,
Laid his siege at my front-door;
Then the Wolf, the Lord and Liege
Of all Trouble, brought his score.
Well, I 'sicked' the Wolf on Care—
Wolf was hungry past all doubt;
Chewed old Care up hide and hair,
Left no sign of him about.

"Then I took my faithful gun,
Cheerfulness, from off the rack;
Loaded it with Wholesome Fun,
Let Wolf have it front and back. . . .
Made a fur coat of his hide—
He was quite a shaggy beast—
And the rest of him we fried
For our glad Thanksgiving Feast."

We best know Mr. Bangs as a professional jester; but this book of his verses reveals the serious vein that lies beneath his merriment, expressing the simple faith and trust of a man at peace with himself and the scheme of things entire.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The spell of the White Mountains.*

Although no book has yet caught the White Mountains wholly in its toils (and it is to be hoped none ever will), there comes occasionally a book with power to raise the image of them before the mind's eye, and to satisfy somewhat the mountain-lover's perpetual longing. Such a book is Mr. Winthrop Packard's "White Mountain Trails" (Small, Maynard & Co.), with its rather desultory but always delightful text, and its many wonderful illustrations. The writer takes his leisurely way over the best-known trails, apparently with no time-card but the sun, no map but the peaks and gullies of the mountains themselves, and no set purpose but enjoyment. When a white admiral butterfly "politely shows the wrong road as a start for the trail up Bartlett," and then "leaves him in a wild tangle of slash to get up the mountain the way the bear does, on all fours," he does not even feel himself under obligation to learn wisdom from experience. Instead, he trusts a mountain brook to show him the way down, only to find that though "mountain brooks do not run away from you as mountain paths do, it is as well not to trust them too much, after dark." But Mr. Packard's wandering is not aimless, for in the course of it he accomplishes Carter Notch and Crawford Notch, sees the world from the peaks of Chocorua, Iron Mountain, Kearsarge, Carragain, Madison, Mount Jackson, and several others, and has four clear days on the top of Mount Washington, "such as the fates in kindly mood sometimes deal out to fortunate mortals." He knows each of the mountains by itself, for "they have personality and grow to be individual friends, as well loved and ardently longed for when absent as any human neighbor or associate." Indeed, the aim of his apparent aimlessness is to catch each "individual" off guard, to surprise it from every angle, to come upon it if possible unexpectedly to himself and so to get at the very secret of its character. Because he often succeeds, his book is worthy of its subject. Besides, it is to be doubted if any other writer about the White Mountains has seen so much by the way. The reader must be a very wise person indeed who does not envy Mr. Packard his ability to enjoy with full knowledge all the flowers and ferns, birds and trees, butterflies and mosses, and even the frogs and hedgehogs, he finds in each day's climbing. As a final excellence, the volume has some forty reproductions of skilfully-taken photographs, showing not only the looming grandeur of the mountains both in clear air and shrouded in mist or cloud, but much of the cherished detail of nearer views.

*Some well-told tales of simple Cornish folk.*

Not since the English-reading world was filled with delight by the scenes of humble Scottish life depicted by the Rev. John Watson has it been treated to anything of so marked excellence and striking originality in the same domain of realistic reproduction of the humors of the lowly as in Mr. Charles Lee's Cornish tales now introduced to the American public by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., in three volumes with the title, "Our Little Town," "Paul Carah, Cornishman," and "The Widow Woman." The first volume takes the form of separate sketches and stories, the other two of continuous narrative; but so little does Mr. Lee's art depend upon plot, upon the mere machinery or frame-work of story-building, that he is equally enjoyable in either manner. Cornishman to the very heart of him he must be, to write so sympathetically of the Cornish fisherfolk, and with so keen a relish for all their oddities of temperament and peculiarities of speech. Dialect he cannot avoid using in letting his characters play their several parts, but it is nowhere overdone, nowhere

beyond the ready comprehension of the reader. Let us quote from a dialogue between "Bessie's Tom" and "stuttering Orlando" in "Our Little Town." Orlando, in an unguarded hour, has been beguiled into matrimony, and his wife proves to be such a talker that he himself hardly gets a chance to open his mouth. "Haven't spit out a c-clean word for weeks," he moans. "Don't get t-time." Tom tries to comfort him, and asks: "Have 'e tried swearing? If I mind right, your dees were always better gressed, like, than your Christian speech." "T-true," replies the other, mournfully. "So they were. But now they'm like the rest — snails crawling through t-tar." Here is a bit of shrewd wisdom from "Uncle Hannibal" in "The Widow Woman." He stands, pipe in hand, in his doorway, filling the space with his generous bulk and watching the discomfiture of John Trelill at the hands of a coquettish young woman. "When a chap an' a maid do come together," comments Uncle Hannibal, "chap shuts his eyes tight: maid aupens hers a bit wider. How should chap look to have a chanst? Man's human, but woman's woman — 'at's what I d' say in my smart way." But John wins the maid in the end, and the story of the courtship, with its very unusual complications, is admirably told. Another original and amusing love story, contained in "Our Little Town," has to do with two maiden ladies in their fifties and a sixty-year-old suitor to the twain. Impartial in his affections, he begs them to decide between themselves which of the two shall be the one to accept him. The outcome is a little unexpected. "Paul Carah" is the story of a good-natured and amusing braggart who has lived some years in "the States" and returns to astonish the natives. As in the other books, both scenes and characters are drawn by the hand of a master. There are hours of solid enjoyment in these three volumes. Excellent line-drawings and a colored frontispiece are provided by Mr. Charles E. Brock for "The Widow Woman." Mr. Gordon Browne illustrates "Paul Carah."

---

*Letters and Memories of Harriet Hosmer.*

Four years have passed since Harriet Hosmer's death, at the age of seventy-seven; and the interval has sufficed for collecting her more important correspondence and preparing therefrom and from other sources a good account of her life and work. "Harriet Hosmer: Letters and Memories" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), edited by her friend Mrs. Lucien Carr (Cornelia Carr), forms a substantial volume of nearly four hundred pages, well-printed, well-illustrated, and teeming with matter of interest to all who take pleasure and pride in the achievements of this brilliant American woman and famous sculptor. It is true that she seemed to make herself, by expatriation for her art's sake, almost more of a European than an American. How she impressed the world abroad is partly shown in Frances Power Cobbe's description of her: "She was in those days the most bewitching sprite that the world ever saw. Never have I laughed so helplessly as at the infinite fun of that bright Yankee girl. Even in later years, when we perforce grew a little graver, she needed only to begin one of her descriptive stories to make us all young again. I have not seen her since her return to America, nor yet anyone in the least like her. It is vain to hope to convey to any reader the contagion of her merriment. Oh! what a gift beyond rubies are such spirits!" Mrs. Carr gives us some admirable specimens of Miss Hosmer's fun, and among them a few stanzas of delicious French doggerel composed at Mrs. Sedgwick's school at Lenox, where Fanny Kemble made friends with her and used to say to her of an evening, "Come, Hatty, do give us some fun to-night." Most numerous and most characteristic are the letters to her old friend and patron, Mr. Wayman Crow, of St. Louis, father of her favorite classmate, and greatly helpful to her in procuring her admission to the course in anatomy at the medical school of the State University of Missouri. Miss Hosmer's Italian years fell in the time of the Brownings, and of course they and a host of other notables figure in her letters. The editor has done well to let her sculptor friend tell her own story, in large part; and it is one well worth reading.

---

*Men and manners of later England.*

Born in 1853, the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell lays early claim to the privilege of age in writing his reminiscences. "One Look Back" (Doubleday) traces in highly agreeable fashion the first half-century or so of the life of one who, near the close of his book, declares himself ignorant of the sensation of dulness. Already, in his two series of "Collections and Recollections" published in 1898, and in his "Pocketful of Sixpences" and "Sketches and Snapshots," Mr. Russell has shown his talent as a *raconteur;* and the present volume will certainly do nothing to lessen his reputation. Proudly tracing his descent from that of William Lord Russell who laid down his life in the cause of constitutional liberty in 1683, the author gives us pleasing glimpses of his boyhood home, his school and university days, his life in London society, his journalistic and public activities, and his labors of love as a zealous Churchman. Eulogizing the past with a pessimistic contemplation of the present that strangely contrasts with the general cheery tone of his book, he occasionally indulges in such strains as the following concerning his degenerate fellow-countrymen: "They do not care for the country in itself; they have no eye for its beauty, no sense of its atmosphere, no memory for its traditions. It is only made endurable to them by sport and gambling and boisterous house-parties; and, when from one cause or another these resources fail, they are frankly bored and long for London. They are no longer content, as our fathers were, to entertain their friends with hospitable simplicity. So profoundly has all society been vulgarized by the worship of the Golden Calf that, unless people can vie

with alien millionaires in the sumptuousness with which they 'do you'—delightful phrase,—they prefer not to entertain at all. An emulous ostentation has killed hospitality. All this is treason to a high ideal." Among the author's many friendships he notes with especial gratitude his obligations to the brilliantly gifted James Payn, whose love of anecdote called forth, first orally and then in literary form in the columns of the Manchester "Guardian," the "Collections and Recollections" mentioned above. There is also related the course of events leading up to Mr. Russell's connection with this "best newspaper in Great Britain," as he calls it. To that fortunate connection we owe, humanly speaking, these subsequent anecdotal and autobiographic chapters. A few appropriate illustrations accompany the reading matter.

*The Cabinet as a branch of Government.*

Professor Henry Barrett Learned's book on "The President's Cabinet" and Dr. Mary L. Hinsdale's "History of the President's Cabinet" treat of the same subject, but in different ways. Professor Learned's book begins with a chapter on the Cabinet in England, and proceeds to elaborate at some length the evolution of the Cabinet in the United States, from the days of the Continental Congress through the period of the Confederation to the establishment of presidential government under the Constitution. After a careful account of the creation, in Washington's time, of the first and more important secretaryships, and after an essay on the term "Cabinet" as used in the United States, Professor Learned passes to a discussion of the offices of Attorney General, Secretary of the Navy, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Interior, Secretary of Agriculture, and Secretary of Commerce and Labor. A concluding chapter gives an historical summary and a brief analysis of the relations between the different cabinet officers and the President. This volume, we are told, is intended to cover only the formation and structure of the Cabinet; but Professor Learned promises a second part of the work which is to treat of the "Practices and Personnel" of that body. It is this element, the *personal*, which characterizes the book of Dr. Hinsdale. This is deliberately arranged upon an annalistic plan. The origin of the Cabinet is here very briefly treated, and the author proceeds to an account of the Cabinet of each administration, from Washington's first term in 1789 to the presidency of Mr. Taft in 1909. Each of these chapter is accompanied by a valuable table showing the original make-up of the Cabinet, and the changes which took place in its membership. Around this personal framework, Dr. Hinsdale builds her account of the activities of the Cabinet,—treating from this view-point many of the events and problems which are discussed topically in Professor Learned's book. At the close of the volume Dr. Hinsdale adds three analytical chapters,—on the general principles of cabinet making, the relation of the Cabinet to Congress, and the relation of the Cabinet to the President. The two works admirably supplement each other. Each is scholarly in execution, each is adequately equipped with bibliographical material and an index. Both appeal especially to the student of American history and government; but, particularly in this "presidential year," both should also win the attention of the "general reader."

*Advances in medical research in the tropics.*

A significant indication of the ever-widening consequences of the American occupation of the Philippines and other tropical possessions of Spain, and of the sanitary developments in the Canal Zone, is to be seen in the recent work of Captain Charles F. Craig, of the Medical Corps of the United States Army, entitled "The Parasitic Amœbæ of Man" (Lippincott). Time was when an army billet was a sinecure not sought for purposes of medical research, though not a few illustrious names of army and navy physicians are to be found in the annals of natural history. To-day, in England, France, and Germany, and also in our own land, the advances in tropical medicine are largely made by physicians who find both opportunity and stimulus for research in the contact with disease, epidemics, plagues and parasites of tropical peoples. Dr. Craig's contributions in this field have long been known to specialists, and are now made readily accessible to all in his illustrated monograph on the parasitic amœbæ which worked such dread havoc on our soldiers in the Philippines and threaten all who travel in tropical lands. The ease of transportation to and from the south and the Orient brings their plagues to our doors, and too often within them; so that the infections here treated have become of widest general interest both to our own practitioners and to all who are concerned with the protection of public and private water-supplies against pollution. The book is replete with the latest discoveries of investigators in this field, in all lands; and discusses fully the distinctions between the abundant but innocuous amœbæ of streams and reservoirs and the so-called "benign" parasites and the pathogenic ones. Abundant illustrations and a full bibliography of the widely scattered literature of the subject add to the value of this representative work of American scholarship and the only monographic work in English upon the subject.

*The prehistoric age in Thessaly.*

In a stately quarto of 278 pages entitled "Prehistoric Thessaly" Messrs. A. J. B. Wace and M. S. Thompson have published through the Cambridge University Press (New York: Putnam) an account of recent excavations and explorations in Northeastern Greece, from Lake Kopais to the borders of Macedonia. The volume is an expansion of previous reports by the same authors; and presents in a convenient form all the archæological evidence as yet available for the prehistoric age in Thessaly. It is thus a contribution to the constantly-growing structure of our knowledge of Ægean civilization. By obvious cleavage the book

falls into two divisions: the first ten chapters describing exhaustively the excavations by the authors, together with summaries of other men's work. The concluding seven chapters contain the theories and conclusions based on their finds, to be modified or verified by future discoveries. As was to be expected, the pottery, found in great abundance, was their chief and safest guide: "the history of any site which has a deep undisturbed deposit can be read in its pottery." Comparative archæologists will follow these elaborate lists of sherds, vases, jugs, and other ware with keen interest, and will note the parallelism between the Thessalian decorated work and that from Crete, the Ægean islands, and Mycenæan sites generally. The chapter on the "prehistoric history" of Northeastern Greece is an interesting example of the archæological method. Using only the evidence dug out of the earth, and rigorously excluding all racial and legendary names, the authors have reconstructed a Thessalian culture which they divide into four periods. None of these is marked by any splendor; the decorated ware adheres to simple geometric patterns, while the statuettes and figurini are highly grotesque. "Only at the end of the prehistoric age did Mycenæan culture really reach Northern Greece; but before it could supplant the older cultures and gain a firm hold on Thessaly, it was itself swept away by the northern invasions that mark the dawn of historic Greece." The book is profusely illustrated from photographs and drawings in the body of the text, and by half-a-dozen fine colored plates. The matter of transliteration has been carefully attended to, and every needful help provided in index, appendix, and references to the works of other authors.

*Married men, philosophers, and grandfathers.*

In the same genial vein as "The Reflections of a Married Man" and "The Opinions of a Philosopher," Mr. Robert Grant's "Convictions of a Grandfather" is written with the added advantage of some years more of accumulated wisdom and mellowness and kindly tolerance of the world's faults and foibles. It is inevitable that such books as these three should call to mind and invite comparison with Dr. Holmes's "Breakfast Table" series; for there is not a little of the same whimsical humor in the observations and meditations of each of these Bostonians — professional men, both of them, and writers by avocation. The opening of Judge Grant's second chapter ("'But what do you regard as inordinate possessions?' asked Josephine, with whom I was discussing the subject") has in it the same abrupt challenge to one's interest that is familiar to the Autocrat's readers. "Convictions" is rather too strong a word to apply to the views of this grandfather; he is by no means dogmatic or opinionated, and one of the charms of his book is that it leaves so many questions open for further debate. The questions themselves are not abstruse, but deal chiefly with such topics as automobiles and the increasing cost of living, old-age pensions, the modern woman, present-day culture and conversation, European travel, the contesting of wills, and certain other matters of not too severely legal a nature. The grace and fluency and charm of the author's style hardly need our commendation, at this late day.

*Folk-festivals as national pastimes.*

To those who have begun to make a serious study of pastimes, and are trying to put play into its proper relation to the affairs of life, Mrs. Mary Master Needham's "Folk Festivals" (Huebsch) will come as an inspiration, a guide, and a help. The book is based upon the author's personal experiences in utilizing the almost universal love of the people for self-expression and correlating it with the work of the school in the teaching of history; and it not only tells what folk-festivals are, and by way of illustration describes the more important Old World festivals and some successful experiments in America, but it shows how folk festivals may be given in this country, and how we may thereby revive an interest in festal days which are ours by inheritance, infuse some life and enthusiasm into our so-called national holidays, and learn how to celebrate them in a sane and appropriate manner so that their meaning may not be lost. Emphasis throughout the book is laid on the folk character — the self-expression of the people in their celebrations of festival days. The book is written in an entertaining manner, but is thorough and complete; and for those who desire to pursue the subject further, an exceedingly helpful bibliography is appended.

## NOTES.

Admiral Mahan's book on "Sea Power" is said, on the authority of a British naval officer, to be the most generally read book in the libraries of war vessels in the British navy.

"The Sign at Six," Mr. Stewart Edward White's new story, is published this month by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. It is a story of New York life, and is illustrated by M. Leone Bracker.

A collected edition — said to be the first made in English — of the political writings of Rousseau is soon to appear from the Cambridge University Press, represented in this country by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mrs. Martha Morley Stewart's story entitled "Greyhound Fanny" (R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co.) is a strong appeal for a more humane and sympathetic treatment of animals. The book is a worthy contribution to the cause of humane education, especially of the young.

Incidental to the Browning centenary is a new "thin paper" edition of his works in twelve volumes, pocket size, issued by the T. Y. Crowell Co. The volumes are printed from new plates, with large type, and are provided with new portraits in photogravure and other decorations.

An essay — sometimes called a "prose-poem" — by the French sculptor Rodin, addressed to the Venus of Milo and embodying an expression of the sculptor's artistic principles, has been translated into English by Miss Dorothy Dudley, and will be published at an early date by B. W. Huebsch.

Campaign lives of the would-be Presidents are promised abundantly. First in the field is that of Governor Wilson, which Messrs. Putnam's Sons have already issued. It is, in effect, a new edition of Miss Hosford's life of Wilson, which has been highly commended in its earlier form, and now appears revised and enlarged.

An early contribution to the literature of the Presidential campaign is "The Democratic Mistake," by Mr. A. G. Sedgwick, which Messrs. Scribner publish this month. Another timely book from the same house is "Majority Rule and the Judiciary," by Mr. W. L. Ransom, a New York lawyer, with an introduction by Mr. Roosevelt.

The reproduction of English and continental literature in Japan is steadily increasing. Among works recently translated into Japanese are Shaw's "Man and Superman," Hauptmann's "Weavers," Flaubert's "Salambo," Daudet's "Sapho," Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata," Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," and Cervantes' "Don Quixote."

Some remarkably successful cloud pictures, by the well-known artist-photographer A. L. Coburn, will be reproduced in platinum prints as illustrations for Shelley's poem of "The Cloud," in a quarto prepared under the direction of the artist and published by Mr. C. C. Parker of Los Angeles, Cal. The edition is limited to sixty copies, at twenty-five dollars each.

A new novel by a new writer—Mrs. Dell H. Munger, of Palo Alto, Cal.—is to be published this month by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. Its scenes are laid in Kansas, and it has the striking title "The Wind Before the Dawn." The same firm have nearly ready a new story by Mrs. Mary Austin, "A Woman of Genius," dealing chiefly with the stage and stage people.

The hundredth anniversary of the "Fort Dearborn Massacre," August 15, fitly commemorated by the Chicago Historical Society with appropriate ceremonies, is the occasion also of a new popular account of that historic tragedy—"The Story of Old Fort Dearborn," written by Mr. Seymour Currey and published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. The volume is illustrated.

Nashville, Tennessee, is the home of a number of authors of recent successful fiction. Mrs. Cora Harris, who wrote "The Circuit Rider's Wife" and "The Recording Angel," Mr. F. P. Elliott, who wrote "The Haunted Pajamas," and Mr. John Trotwood Moore, author of "The Summer Hymnal," etc., are among those who are making of that old Southern city a new centre of literary activity.

A new book by Mr. Harold Bell Wright, the famous producer of "best selling" novels, is announced for the coming fall. Its title is "Their Yesterdays," and the preliminary announcements claim for it a wide range of literary qualities, from those of "The Lady of the Decoration" to "The Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son." It will be supplied with illustrations in color, by Mr. F. Graham Coote.

The average annual expenditure, on the part of our public libraries, for books, periodicals, and binding, has been made the subject of some careful study by the librarian of the James V. Brown Library of Williamsport, Pa. From his researches it appears that for every hundred thousand volumes circulated in the one hundred and seven libraries of the United States that issue that number in the course of a year, there is annually spent $3,199.00 for the above-named purposes. Put in another form, this means that one dollar a year, wisely spent, will provide good reading matter for more than thirty persons.

How to spend one's vacation, and where to go to school or college after it is spent, are among the practical concerns about which the Grand Rapids Public Library offers to advise all comers. In its July "Bulletin" it calls attention to its guide-book collection whereby "you can readily plan your vacation so as to get the most out of it for the least money," and to its stock of school and college catalogues from which "one may learn something of the character of the several institutions as well as the expenses."

A new story entitled "My Lady's Garter," soon to be published by Messrs. Rand McNally & Co., derives a pathetic interest from the fact that its author, Mr. Jacques Futrelle, lost his life in the Titanic disaster. The same firm will bring out Mr. Eden Philpott's "The Lovers," a tale of English prison life during the Revolutionary War; "Stories of the Pilgrims," a book for children, by Miss Margaret B. Humphreys, with drawings by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "Rowena's Happy Summer," by Celia M. Robertson; "The Little King and Princess True," nature stories for young folks, by Mrs. A. S. Hardy; and a *de luxe* edition of "Gulliver's Travels," with twelve full-page colored illustrations by Mr. Milo Winter.

## List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 57 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

**Studies and Appreciations.** By William Sharp; selected and arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. 12mo, 424 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

**Side-Lights of Nature** in Quill and Crayon. By Edward Tickner Edwardes; illustrated by George C. Haité, F. L. S. Second edition; 12mo, 213 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1. net.

**The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us.** By R. W. Livingstone. 8vo, 250 pages. New York: Oxford University Press.

**English Literature.** By John Calvin Metcalf. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 448 pages. Atlanta: B. F. Johnson Publishing Co. $1.25 net.

**Rama and Homer:** An Argument that in the Indian Epics Homer Found the Theme of his two great Poems. By Arthur Lillie. Illustrated, 12mo, 284 pages. London: Kegan Paul. $1.75 net.

**A Book of English Essays** (1600-1900). Selected by Stanley V. Makower and Basil H. Blackwell. 16mo, 440 pages. New York: Oxford University Press.

**The American Short Story.** By C. Alphonso Smith. 12mo, 50 pages. Ginn & Co. 50 cts. net.

**The Plot of the Short Story.** By Henry Albert Phillips; with Introduction by Matthew White, Jr. 16mo, 146 pages. Larchmont: Stanhope-Dodge Publishing Co. $1. net.

**The American Short Story:** A Study of the Influence of Locality in its Development. By Elias Lieberman, Ph.D. 12mo, 183 pages. Ridgewood: The Editor.

### DRAMA AND VERSE.

**The Shakespeare Classics.** Edited by I. Gollancz, Litt. D. New volumes: The Menaechmi, edited by W. H. D. Rouse; Apolonius and Silla, edited by Morton Luce. Each with photogravure frontispiece, 12mo. Duffield & Co. Per volume, $1. net.

**The Lower Depths:** A Play in Four Acts. By Maxim Gorki; translated from the Russian by Laurence Irving. With portrait, 12mo, 191 pages. "Plays of To-Day and To-Morrow." Duffield & Co. $1. net.

**The Garden of Unrest:** A Second Book of Verse. By George W. Harrington. 12mo, 78 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

**Land of Our Dreams,** and Other Verse. By J. A. Peehl. 12mo, 95 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

**Althea;** or, The Morning Glory. By Rebecca S. Pollard. 12mo, 37 pages. Sherman, French & Co. 75 cts. net.

### FICTION.

**The Red Lane:** A Romance of the Border. By Holman Day. Illustrated, 12mo, 399 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1 35 net.

**Marie:** An Episode in the Life of the late Allan Quartermain. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 346 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35 net.

**The Sign at Six.** By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated, 12mo, 265 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

**The Gate of Horn.** By Beulah Marie Dix. 12mo, 329 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

**The Sin of Angels.** By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. 12mo, 504 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.30 net.

**Low Society.** By Robert Halifax. 12mo, 327 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35 net.

**The Borderland.** By Robert Halifax. 12mo, 336 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35 net.

**The Barmecide's Feast.** By John Gore. Illustrated, 12mo, 196 pages. John Lane Co. 80 cts. net.

### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

**Rambles in the Pyrenees** and the Adjacent Districts, Gascony, Pays de Foix and Roussillon. By F. Hamilton Jackson, R. B. A. Illustrated, large 8vo, 419 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $6. net.

**New Zealand:** The Country and the People. By Max. Herz, M.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 382 pages. Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

**Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London.** By A. St. John Adcock. Illustrated, 8vo, 356 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

**A Year of Strangers.** By Yoi Pawlowska. 8vo, 158 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

### ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

**Homer Martin,** Poet in Landscape. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Illustrated in color, large 8vo, 76 pages. New York: Privately Printed. $12 50 net.

**The Village Homes of England.** Edited by Charles Holme. Illustrated in color, etc., 4to, 162 pages. "International Studio." John Lane Co. Paper. $2.50 net.

### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

**Was Christ Divine?** By William W. Kinsley. 8vo, 144 pages Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

**A Race's Redemption.** By John Leard Dawson. 12mo, 428 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1 50 net.

**Mountains of the Bible.** By J. J. Summerbell. 12mo, 85 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

**Christianity and the Labor Movement.** By William Monroe Balch. 12mo, 108 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

### EDUCATION.

**Report of the Commissioner of Education** for the year ended June 30, 1911. Volume II., 8vo. Washington: Government Printing Office.

**The Golden Treasury.** By Francis T. Palgrave; edited by W. P. Trent and John Erskine. 12mo, 406 pages. Ginn & Co. 50 cts. net.

**A Tale of Two Cities.** By Charles Dickens; edited by E. H. Kemper McComb. Illustrated. 12mo, 426 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

**Work and Play with Numbers.** By George Wentworth and David Eugene Smith. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 144 pages. Ginn & Co. 35 cts. net.

**Old-Time Hawaiians and Their Work.** By Mary S. Lawrence. Illustrated. 12mo, 172 pages. Ginn & Co. 60 cts. net.

**Elementarbuch der Deutschen Sprache.** By Arnold Werner-Spanhoofd. 12mo, 287 pages. "Modern Language Series." D. C. Heath & Co.

### RELIGION.

**Suggestions for the Spiritual Life:** College Chapel Talks. By George Lansing Raymond. 12mo, 337 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.40 net.

**Lame and Lovely:** Essays on Religion for Modern Minds. By Frank Crane. 12mo, 215 pages. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**The American Occupation of the Philippines,** 1898-1912. By James H. Blount. With frontispiece, 8vo, 664 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. net.

**A Prisoner of War in Virginia,** 1864-5. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 104 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cts. net.

**The Story of Old Fort Dearborn.** By J. Seymour Currey. Illustrated, 12mo, 172 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1. net.

**The Robert Browning Centenary Celebration** at Westminster Abbey, May 7th, 1912. Edited, with introduction and appendices, by Professor Knight. With portrait, 12mo, 108 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts. net.

**Edward Irving,** Man, Preacher, Prophet. By Jean Christie Root. With portrait, 12mo, 150 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

**Fairy Tales from Many Lands.** By Katharine Pyle. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 316 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

**Modern Business Methods.** By William P. Teller and Henry E. Brown. 12mo, 118 pages. Rand McNally & Co. 75 cts. net.

**Fresh Air and How to Use It.** By Thomas Speer Carrington, M.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 250 pages. New York: National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. $1.

**Health in Home and Town.** By Bertha Millard Brown, S.B. Illustrated, 12mo, 312 pages. D. C. Heath & Co.

**The Story Teller's Book.** By Alice O'Grady and Frances Throop. 12mo, 228 pages. Rand, McNally & Co. 75 cts. net.

**The Business of Mining.** By Arthur J. Hoskin, M. E. Illustrated, 12mo. 224 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

**Photography Outdoors:** Practical Suggestions in Simple Language. 12mo, 64 pages. New York: Tennant and Ward. 60 cts. net.

**Photography at Home:** A Hand-book to the Use of the Camera in the Home for Pleasure and Profit. 12mo, 64 pages. New York: Tennant and Ward. 60 cts. net.

**Dark Room Work:** A Practical Dark Room Manual. 12mo, 62 pages. New York: Tennant and Ward. 60 cts net.

**Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America.** Volume 6, 1911. 8vo, 65 pages. University of Chicago Press.

**Recipes from East to West.** Compiled by Euterpe Craies. 12mo, 141 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1. net.

**The British Museum Reading Room:** A Handbook for Students. By R. A. Peddie. 16mo, 61 pages. London; Grafton & Co.

WANTED: Position as private secretary to author or minister, by young woman, college graduate, versed in English, French, and German languages. Good Latin scholar. Am also stenographer and typewriter. Address for appointment, E. G. COLLINS, 5724 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago. Tel.: Edgewater 3437.

AUTHORS

wishing manuscripts placed without reading fee, address

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

Room 805, 41 Park Row NEW YORK CITY

PICTURE PLOTS AND SHORT STORIES

adaptable to motion photography

WANTED

Address

KINEMACOLOR COMPANY OF AMERICA

Dept. H, 48th Street and Broadway, New York City

DIV-A-LET

Division by Letters

The most unique mental diversion extant! Mental arithmetic of the alphabet. Adapted to parties or for individual amusement. Just the thing for convalescents and "shut-ins."

Send for book. Price, 50 cents. To Libraries, 25 cents.

W. H. VAIL, Originator and Publisher

141 Second Avenue NEWARK, N. J.